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What France is Thinking

By PERCY PHILIP

Broadcast from Paris on July 17

THE French Prime Minister, M. Gaston Doumergue, has just been broadcasting to his countrymen. He has been giving them an account of his stewardship since he took office after the little revolution of last February and very modestly claiming that things are not as bad as they might have been. In that he is certainly right, but if an outsider may venture an opinion that result is almost entirely due to M. Doumergue himself. For, if this little man with his kindly smile and firm hand had not come back from his retirement to take charge of the Government five months ago, it is not impossible that the row which began last January and culminated in the Place de la Concorde on February 6 would still have been going on actively and not just inkily.

By no means the least achievement of M. Doumergue's Government in these past five months has been that it has survived. Just previously we had four Cabinets in five months, so by comparison this has seemed a long period of stability. Quite an amount of useful legislation has, too, been pushed through. A start has been made at reforming that most intricate of all human muddles—the French taxation and budgetary system. Although, too, France has little unemployment compared with the other great countries, a constructive method of relief has been adopted and there has been a good deal of activity in the improvement of the defence services. All this has been done some-

what breathlessly, as if no one was quite sure how long the political truce would last. There, however, M. Doumergue has been the man who mattered. He has kept the scales firmly even between the opposing elements in his Cabinet and in the Chamber, and by his personal authority got things done which would otherwise never have been possible.

'Eager and Accomplished Scrappers'

Of course below this surface truce the squabble continues as actively as ever. The French are always talking about their devotion to peace, which is true enough in a theoretic way, but that does not in the least prevent them from being at all times eager and accomplished scrappers. They have been scrapping in their parliamentary commissions for five months over every fact and facet of the whole Stavisky case. Their newspapers are filled daily with violent polemics on the culpability of this person and that. Though there has been a truce to politics within Parliament there is plenty of vigorous political division outside. Not only in Paris, but all over the country, rival organisations like the Jeunesse Patriote and the Front Commun have been indulging in some brisk battles. Both the Government and the police have greatly earned a vacation, for it has been their business to keep the peace between the factions and it has not been easy.

However, for the moment all is calm and M. Doumergue must have breathed a sigh of relief during this

weekend when the young men of all parties momentarily abandoned political demonstration in favour of dancing at the street corners in celebration of that other political riot nearly a hundred and fifty years ago when their ancestors stormed the Bastille.

The latest political move here has been the joining forces of the Communists and Socialists. That is an event which is certain to have importance all over the world. Here, of course, the given reason for the union is the necessity of fighting Fascism. That, in turn, undoubtedly will lead to the union of the Fascist elements in their French form in order to fight the Red danger. It seems to be the doom of mankind to be compelled always to fight in two camps to get anything done. For what both these camps are seeking is a political and economic system which will permit mankind to live decently. In the end each will probably borrow largely from the other's ideas as they have done already in those countries which are entirely Fascist or entirely Marxian, but in the meanwhile almost certainly there will be a good deal of banging of heads if not worse.

The Sacrifice of Personal Freedom

What is regrettable to the old-fashioned individualist like the Frenchman is that whichever side wins in the end, he is likely to sacrifice some of that personal freedom that has always made France such a pleasant land to live in or to visit. Already, alas! there are ill-forboding signs that the day of the individual is over. These may be counted small and very necessary when compared with the regimented abolition of liberty in other countries. But it is none the less a sad departure from the old free and easy way in which things were done in France that one will no longer be able to fill up one's income tax declaration form according to one's conscience and one's personal ideas about how much one should pay.

There is a movement on foot, too, to reduce the number of Deputies and make a kind of expert Parliament on the Fascist principle. That idea, however, is not very popular for, though the voter may be all for the reform of Parliament, he has no intention of giving up his Deputy, who is his best link with the ministerial authorities in Paris when he wants to get something done in his constituency. There is also a fixed conviction in the average Frenchman's mind that a good salad must be mixed with vinegar as well as oil, and that a Parliament in which all the shirts are of the same colour, whether it is red, black or brown, may have advantages but is still short of perfection. It has, for instance, this disadvantage—that when a critical opposition to the existing Government does develop it is liable to get shot. In fact, since June 30, there has been a swing back to democracy over here and some of those who used to advocate government on the Nazi and Fascist principle are again singing the praises of political liberty and free institutions. And that leads us directly to the problem of Germany and France and security and peace and ourselves.

M. Barthou in London

It was very interesting to note during M. Barthou's visit to London with what satisfaction he and everybody else on this side found that, if the Entente Cordiale is over and done with, there is still plenty of cordiality between the two countries. Entente, however, is much more difficult to reach. The basis is there all right. For I am convinced that all except a very few Frenchmen are as deeply, earnestly eager for peace as we are. In fact, they never seem to stop worrying about how it is to be secured. Since the days of the Versailles Peace Conference we have had at least one scheme per year. But somehow they all, or nearly all, just fail to be either sufficient or realisable.

I have not time to go into the intricate details of the latest pact scheme which M. Barthou took with him to London and in the negotiation of which our own Government has consented to take a part. It provides briefly

that Germany, Poland, Russia, Czechoslovakia and the Baltic states shall enter a mutual agreement to protect each other against attack and that France will be the guarantor of this engagement of mutual assistance. Russia in turn will join the guarantors of the Locarno pact. The story is being told here that when Barthou explained his pact in London, Sir John Simon, with some surprise in his voice, twice put the question 'But do you mean that if Russia or Poland attack Germany, France will go to the help of Germany?' and that M. Barthou replied 'Certainly that is what I mean'. It was because it had that all-round application that the British Ministers finally decided to support the pact and advocate its acceptance by Germany, Italy and Poland.

It is too soon to say, however, whether this is going to be the final satisfactory solution for which everybody has been searching for fifteen years. Even here opinion is not unanimous as to its value or desirability. There are plenty of critics who argue, for instance, that the inclusion of Russia in this Eastern Locarno, as it has been called, is less an asset than a complication. What will happen depends now entirely on the answer which Germany makes to the proposal. Poland's answer will depend on that of Berlin.

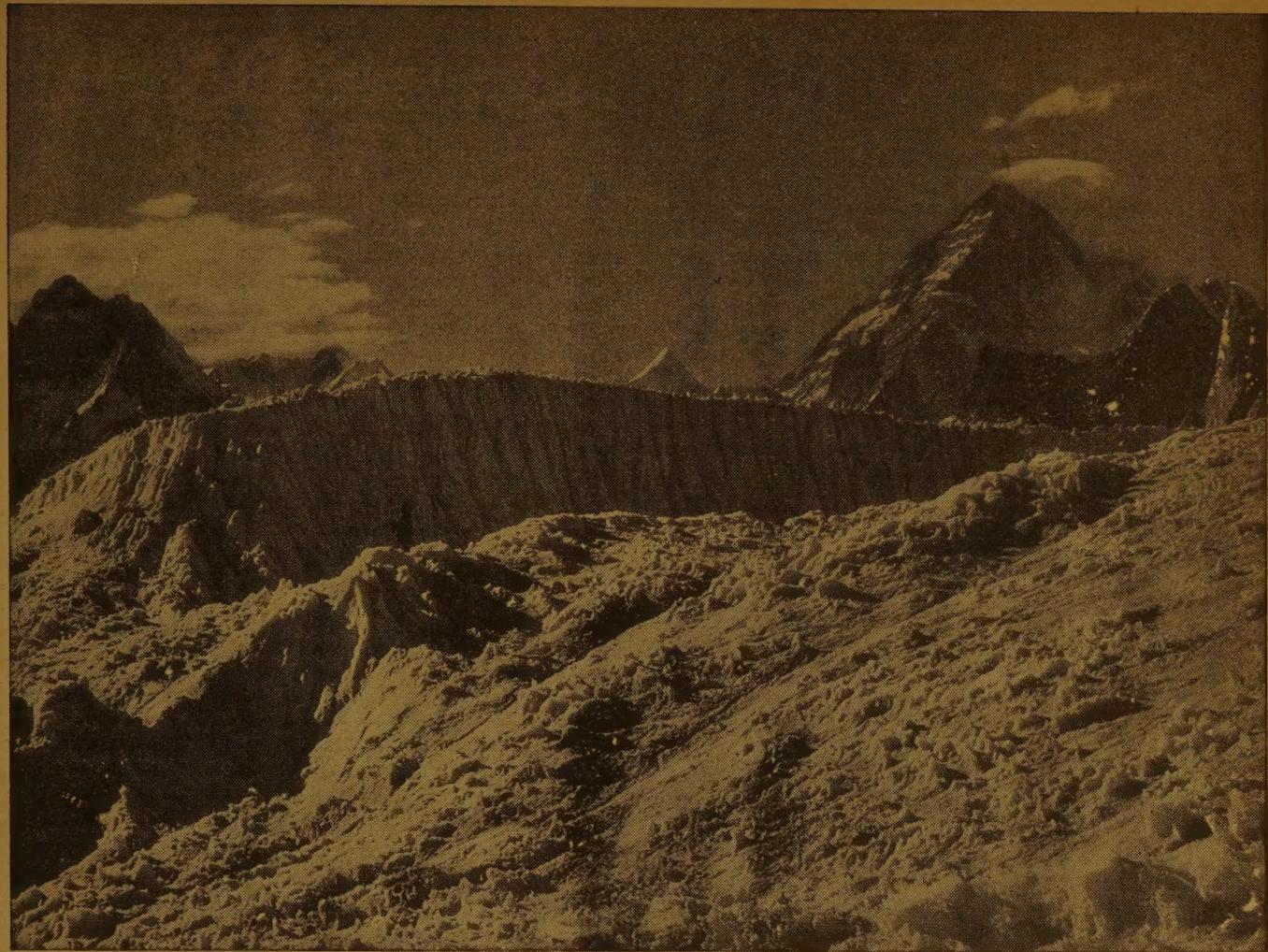
The British Policy

During these last few days we have been hearing a great deal to the effect that the only alternative to the pact is a reversion to the old system of alliances. But I find it difficult to believe that any Frenchman seriously thinks that alliances with Russia, Poland, Rumania, Czechoslovakia and Jugoslavia will guarantee the preservation of the terms of peace as laid down in the Treaty of Versailles. And I find it also difficult to believe, despite the attitude of some Paris newspapers, that the French people want to be freed from the Locarno obligation to stay on their side of the Rhine.

They have come to know and realise that our Government and people will not go beyond that agreement. And I think also they have come to understand that we, on our side, will keep our engagement to throw our full weight against the aggressor on the Rhine whoever he may be. That policy on our part is not perhaps all that France would like. But at least everybody knows where we stand.

As for what will happen if the plan is accepted and can be negotiated, or if it breaks down like the protocol of Geneva and Briand's scheme for the Federation of Europe, it is impossible to say. The only kind of forecast as to what will happen that one can risk in this kaleidoscopic world just now is that *qui vivra verra*.

The problem of the landlord's responsibilities for slum conditions is referred to in a recent report on *The Church and Housing* (Church House, Westminster, 1d.), which deals with the work of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. According to the First Church Estates Commissioner, the question is sometimes asked, 'Is it not a fact that, at the very moment when the Bishops are appealing to the Christian conscience to insist on a new standard of housing, the Church is itself, through the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, an owner of slum property?' To answer this question the Commissioner points out that within the limits in which the trustees are entitled to act, the Commissioners 'have never been content to take a formal view of their responsibilities'. In some areas, such as Southwark, Westminster, Lambeth and Walworth, the Commissioners have adopted the policy of employing women managers under the Octavia Hill system which 'is based on the belief that the landlord is not merely a rent collector but responsible for the well-being of the people who are his tenants'. Moreover, the Commissioners have at present reconditioning and improvement work on hand, involving an expenditure of anything up to £500,000, for which they cannot look for a return of more than 3 per cent. This frank statement should do much to vindicate the Church as a property holder and should set a high standard of achievement for other large landlords to live up to.



K. 2 from the Baltoro Glacier

Photograph: Vittorio Sella

Through the Unmapped Himalayas

By LORD CONWAY OF ALLINGTON

Asked to broadcast some incidents from his varied life as explorer, mountain climber, Professor of art history, art collector and Member of Parliament, Lord Conway elected to talk about his Himalayan journey of 1892

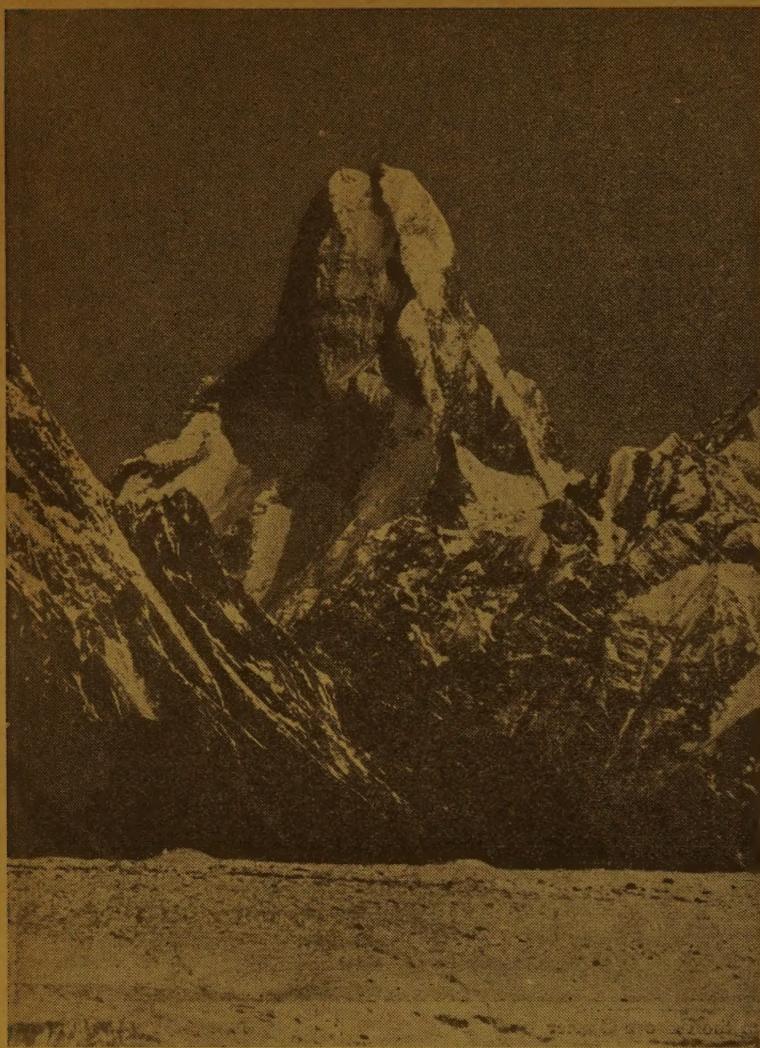
I WAS the first climber who ever attempted to ascend the Himalayas. Since then, of course, we all know about Mount Everest and everything else; but forty years ago we had to begin on a much smaller scale. You must know that the Himalayas and associated ranges form a long rib in the backbone of Asia. This great range, and the Karakorum Range, is at least one thousand miles long: one end of it is Mount Everest, the other end is a mountain called K. 2—put St. Paul's Cathedral on the top of K. 2, and that would about make the same as Everest. The Everest of those days was politically inaccessible: we were not allowed into Thibet, and we were not allowed into Nepal, and so my choice was restricted to K. 2 and its surrounding regions. That was fortunate because the mountains that surround K. 2 are far more dramatic—if I may use that phrase—than are Mount Everest and its surrounding mountains.

We approached that region by a long valley, almost a hundred miles long, the upper part of which was an unbroken field of enormous glaciers—the Hispar Glacier. My journey was to go up this forty- to fifty-mile-long Hispar Glacier, get over the top and down the other side, and find a way out towards the lower regions. After that, having done that long passage, that traverse of the mountains, we came to the third great glacier of the district, the Baltoro Glacier, and ascended to the top of what we called the K. 2 saddle: that is to say, we had to come up the long Hispar Glacier, right away over the top and go down the Biafo Glacier at its foot, and then go up the Baltoro Glacier to its height. That was the outline of our route.

I have never forgotten the day we arrived at the foot of the great Hispar Glacier—it is the largest glacier in the world out-

side of the Arctic and Antarctic regions. It was a cloudy day, that is to say, there was a high roof of cloud which cast a gloomy shadow over the whole view; still I could see right up the whole forty- or fifty-mile length of the Hispar Glacier which had been untrodden by any civilised foot. We started up, and went on day after day surveying the mountains as we passed them, looking up the side valleys, forcing our way over broken ice, and gradually rising higher and higher, until we came to the upper level. Even though we could not see them in full we knew there were more mountains, as we could see the tops of them visible over that saddle which we were going to cross.

I shall never forget the moment when we finally reached the top of that saddle and looked over into the unknown world beyond which nobody had ever before, as far as we knew, seen; and what we saw was what looked like an enormous lake of snow—a flat, wide-stretching snow-covered area, leading back in all directions to great mountains, unmapped, unknown, unexplored, the whole of it utterly new to geography. But how were we going to get out of this snow-covered lake? We could see our way into it, but we could not see any exit. However, down we had to go, and when we got to the bottom and on to the floor of this snow lake and had gone about a mile on its surface, a sort of door opened on our right; and there we saw a glacier finding its way out flowing down to that unknown region towards we did not know what. It took us several days to descend and find our way down that long Biafo Glacier, and then we found it debouched into a desert valley; it was a perfect desert, there was nothing growing at all—it was like a piece of crinkled Sahara. Up this we slowly forced our way until we came to the foot of another enormous glacier, the



The Mustagh Tower from the foot of the Golden Throne

Baltoro Glacier, and that was even more difficult than the other two had been. It was more broken—it was burdened with an enormous mass of fallen rock that covered it up completely—it was entirely hidden under this mantle of rocks, and it was cut up by rivers flowing about on its surface which meant possibly more trouble because the bottoms of them were polished ice, and there were streams rushing about on it. We had great difficulty in getting on and keeping our places; but we managed it and eventually we came to a sort of junction. I had about eighty coolies to bring along carrying our food and provisions and one thing and another, and we had to get them up over this very difficult place. I had about a hundred and twenty coolies in all, but not one of them had any accident. We reached the foot of this glacier, and we fought our way back up it, and we came to the highest region above the level of these rocks and saw that we were at the foot of what we call an ice-field—that is to say, one glacier goes over some kind of underground rib or ridge and it

breaks up into huge rocks and gets into deep crevasses. And these huge rocks were covered with a dense mantle of snow. It took us the best part of a day to come a quarter of a mile up that, and then we had to come down and go up again, and finally we got to the upper level and found ourselves at the foot of a peak without a name.

We called that peak the Golden Throne (there were no names in those parts and we had to name the places as we came to them) because there was a little gold in its rocks, and because it was shaped vaguely like a sort of big seat. One of the arms of this armchair was more easily approached than the other, and so we climbed up a steep icy slope from our camp and on to a narrow ridge which led straight to the top of the peak. It was very narrow, very sharp, and very very very dangerous. It involved cutting steps in the ice to the crest of the ridge, and, of course, progress was very slow. However, we got to the top, and then we turned to come back again. On the way down we got into two parties—I and a Swiss guide and a Ghurka, and behind, on another rope, Lieutenant Bruce and another Ghurka. Lieutenant Bruce, as he was in 1892, has developed into the General Bruce of Everest fame, and that was his first experience of mountaineering. On the way coming down this ridge, the coolie in front of me slipped off his step and shot down the side of the cliff, but by great luck we held him up and hauled him to his feet again, and on we went. Night was coming on, and we reached the top of the icy slope which we had climbed in the morning—and then we had to go down. At the bottom of this slope there was a wide deep crevasse and there was need for great haste as it was now night; so we sat on the snow and let ourselves go and we slid right down until we came to this enormous crevasse. Fortunately its upper lip was higher than its lower lip, and we shot right over; but I shall never forget looking down and seeing the bottom. However, we got over all right, and down to our tents where we passed the night.



West buttress of the Gasherbrum and the Golden Throne, showing the Godwin-Austen and Baltoro Glaciers

In the Karakorum

Glacier torrent on the Baltoro

Photographs: Vittorio Sella

Rome Revisited

The Reconstruction of Castel Sant' Angelo

By C. M. FRANZERO

ONE of the best known monuments of Rome, after the familiar Colosseum, is certainly Castel Sant' Angelo—the massive round castle, topped by the statue of the Archangel with the flashing sword. Along its foundations runs the Tiber, and in the distance is the cupola of St. Peter, which Sir Christopher Wren had in mind when he designed the dome of St. Paul's. Yet the Castle with which we used to be so familiar was but a small portion of the impressive sight that confronts the visitor today.

About the year 1860 some forgotten architect had made a sketch of Castel Sant' Angelo as it should have appeared. In this map, reproduced here, the Castle was shown much larger than its actual size; the round tower or Castle proper was twice encircled by a dual system of bastions standing out from a rampart, and there was also a pentagonal fortification extending over a considerable area, that was then more or less a dumping-ground with poor dwellings. The map was considered very clever, and accordingly shelved. For more than seventy years the Castle remained as it was, the only difference being that in the course of time the poor dwellings disappeared, and the heap of rubbish

became a sort of playing-ground for the children of the neighbourhood. During those seventy years Castel Sant' Angelo was a military prison, a magazine for war material, a museum of some kind, and the Mecca of tourists who had read the pitiful tragedy of Beatrice Cenci or the misadventures of that great Renaissance artist, Benvenuto Cellini.

In April, 1933, the Roman architect Professor Spaccarelli exhumed from the archives the sketch of 1860, and submitted to Mussolini a practical plan for digging out the whole of the ancient Castle. The work to be carried out involved the excavation of an area of more than 66,000 square yards, and there was the risk that the old fortifications might no longer be there. But what a magnificent alternative—to see the thousand-year-old building stand out again in its grandiose solitude! Mussolini decided for the works.

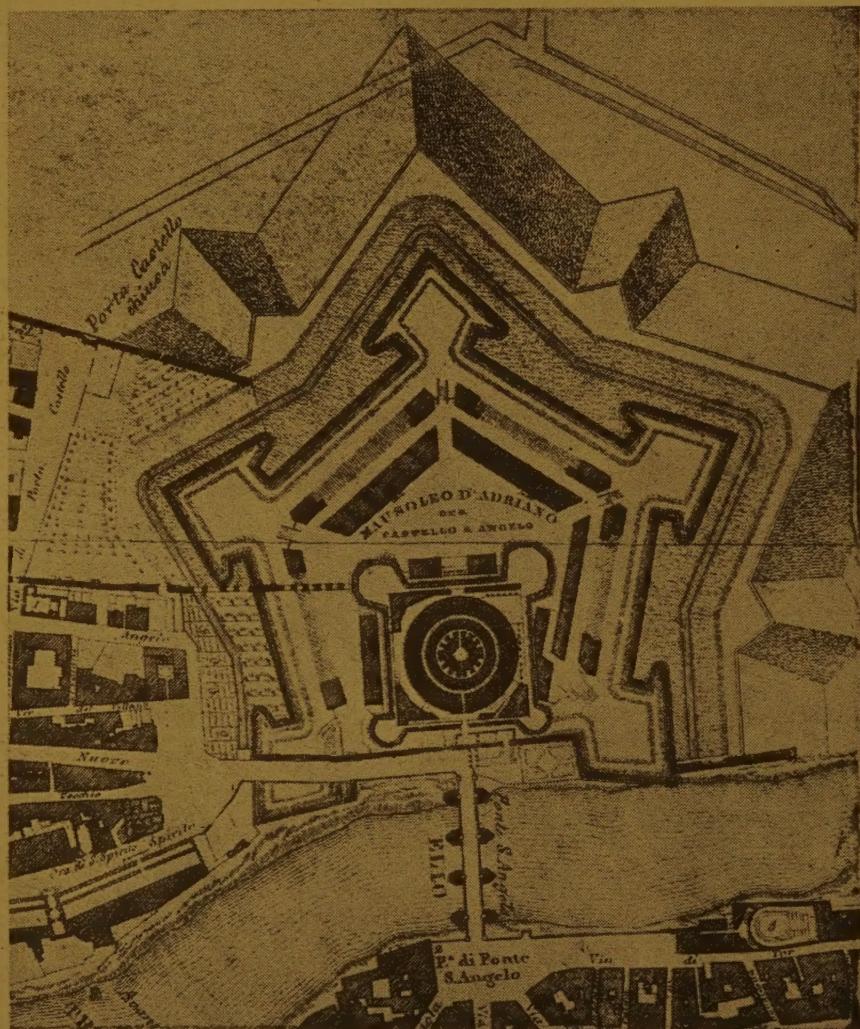
Let it be said here that Professor Spaccarelli had been trained at that school of Italian archaeologists, which had as a master the late Senator Corrado Ricci, whose outstanding title is that the theoretical reconstruction of Imperial Rome

he had drawn from history in 1911 has been proved, by the excavations carried out between 1926 and 1932, correct to the smallest details. Professor Spaccarelli had checked the map of 1860 with all available texts, and knew by experience that the earth is the safest custodian. There was before him the chance of resurrecting in its entirety a monument whose history and interest is unparalleled amongst all other monuments of ancient Rome.

Everyone knows, of course, that Castel Sant' Angelo is but the transformation—or shall we say the historical evolution?—of the Mausoleum that the Emperor Hadrian had built for himself and his successors in the year A.D. 135 (the Castle being, therefore, 1,800 years old). Hadrian, who a few years previously had completed the Great Wall across Britain from the Forth to the Clyde, had returned to Rome after his long travels through the Provinces of the Empire, and his eyes were full of the sights he had seen in Greece and in the East. The Emperor himself conceived the Mausoleum as a superb circular tower, and the architect Decianus carried out the great work. The Mausoleum was, therefore, built in the most noteworthy period of Roman art: it stood as a huge

round tower over a square base, enclosed with bronze railings between pillars, on top of which were peacocks of bronze with their spread tails—this bird being the armorial emblem of Hadrian's house. The boundary wall formed, with four other radial walls, sixty-four sepulchral chambers, sixteen on each side of the base. An elliptical corridor, a large part of which is still in use today, led to the burial chamber designed for the Emperor and the Empress. Besides Hadrian and his wife Sabina, in this Mausoleum were buried Antoninus Pius, Marcus Aurelius, Lucius Verus, Didius Julianus; the last Emperor being Septimius Severus, who before his death (which occurred at York or Eboracum, as it was then called) had chosen the urn in which his ashes were to be conveyed to Rome and addressed to it the memorable dictum: 'You shall, O little vase, keep a man for whom the whole world was too small!'

In the year 217 the Emperor Aurelian, having reasons indeed to believe that the *Pax Romana* was at an end, thought better to make use of the sturdy building as a 'bridge-head' in defence of the Via Aurelia, which, entering Rome from

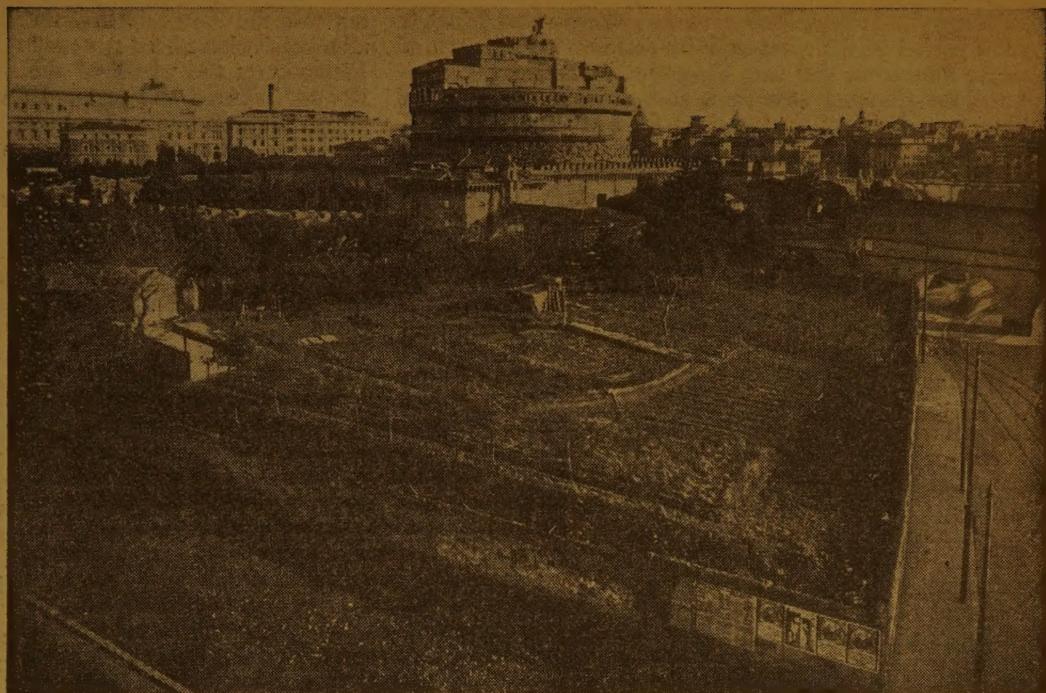


The sketch made in 1860, on which the excavations were based. Until 1933 the only visible part was the round Mausoleum with its four angular towers

Photograph: Sciamanna, Rome

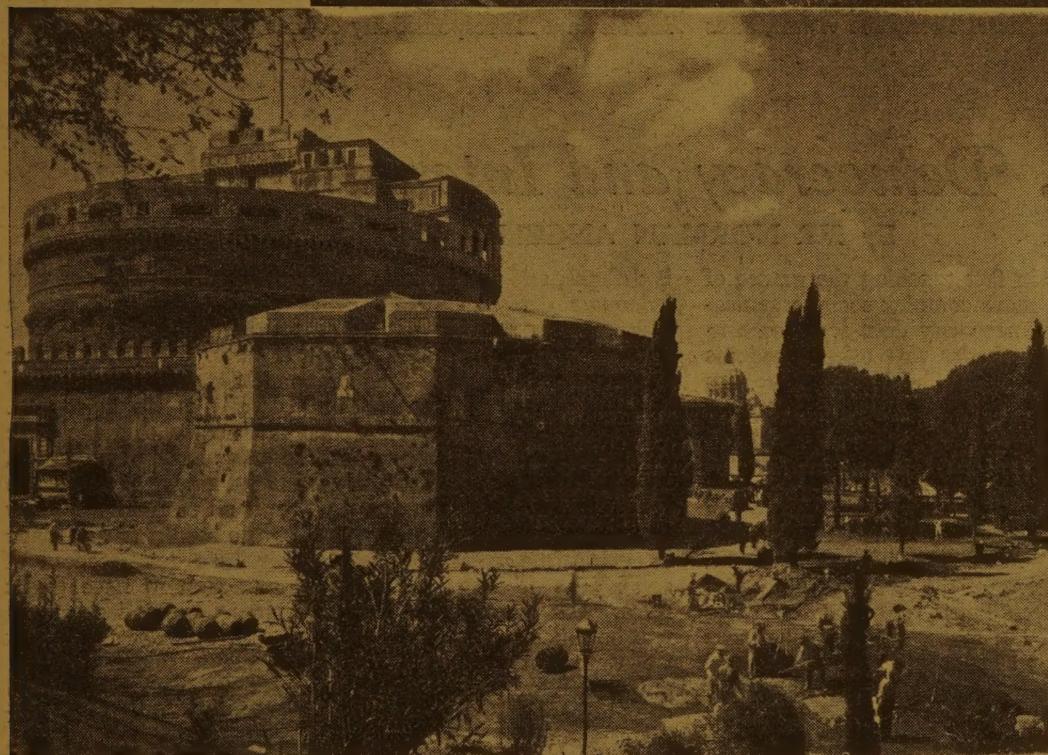
where is now the Vatican, joined the river Tiber at Pons Elium or Sant' Angelo's Bridge. Between the years 391-409 Honorius made additions to the fortifications; and when in 410 the Castle had to bear the brunt of Alaric's sack of Rome, the beautiful marble and bronze statues with which the Mausoleum was adorned were thrown from their plinths to drive back the barbarians.

From then the fate of the Mausoleum was sealed; and it became more and more the fortress of Rome *par excellence*, intertwined with the vicissitudes of the City. It was about this period that the Mauso-



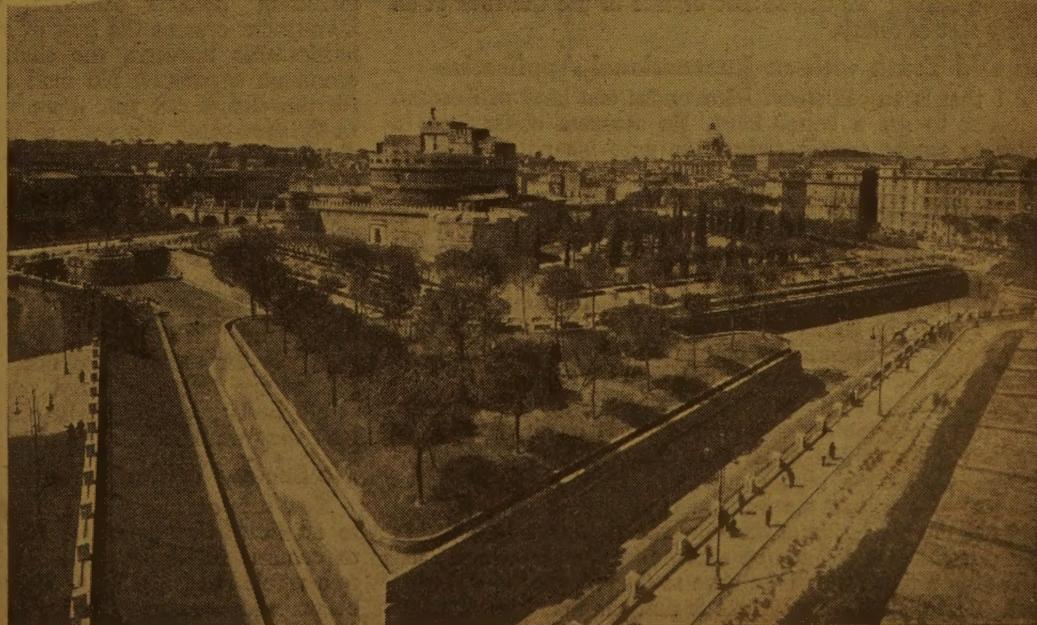
Photograph: Sciamanna, Rome

(Above) Site of the Castle before excavation; (left) work in progress; (below) Castel Sant' Angelo as it appears now



Photograph: Vasari, Rome

leum also changed its name. According to a pious legend, during a terrible plague in the year 590, it was said that the statue of an Angel had appeared on the bridge with drawn sword—and the fortress has ever since then been called Castrum Sancti Angeli. But history and military art contributed to give the Castle a new beauty. The Roman Empire had disappeared, and Rome was now the kingdom of the Popes. In the year 1277 Nicholas III built the elevated passage or corridor—still preserved—that joins the Castle to the Vatican.



The Castle was thenceforth the stronghold where the Popes retired for safety in those eventful years of wars. Towards 1494 the descent of Charles VIII into Italy—it had been a real walk-over—had shown the weakness beneath the gorgeous dress of the Renaissance. Pope Alexander VI (Borgia)—a very bad Pontiff, but a most clever ruler—gave orders to Antonio da Sangallo to extend the towers and bulwarks already initiated by Leon Battista Alberti under Nicholas V; and the Sangallo towers are

easily recognisable by their characteristically rounded 'hips'. It was the period of the great military architects: Francesco di Giorgio, Bramante, the two Sangallo, Michelangelo, San'iciale, the Cardinal Maculani, and the famous school of Urbino that designed fortifications for half Europe. It was, indeed, the period when military architecture was a glorious art, and the design of a fortress invariably was a work of beautiful lines. Sangallo also built in the Castle five great 'silos' or granaries sufficient to store 3,700 quintals of corn, reservoirs for 22,000 litres of olive oil, and the five famous prisons, which in later years were to receive Benvenuto Cellini and Beatrice Cenci.

The Castle, moreover, became a regular residence of the Popes; in 1667 the Bridge was repaired and embellished with the twelve angels by Bernini and his pupils, which are still extant; while between 1624 and 1641 Urbanus VIII had the fortress made safer and stronger by the addition of the peculiar pentagonal wall, showing at each corner a queer buttress called *orecchione* or big ear. Such was the Castel Sant'Angelo that Queen Christina (O shade of Greta Garbo!) contemplated from the graceful Loggia; and in this Castle was lodged—as a State prisoner, alas!—the famous Cagliostro for having tried to form in Rome a Masonic Lodge of Egyptian Rite, whatever that meant.

But about 1860 the pentagonal wall had disappeared under the rubbish; the bastions and the moat had been filled with earth; and until recent years a rustic wall enclosed the Castle on the river side, while the other parts seemed to await the merciful spade of the housebuilders. Today the visitor, after

crossing the Tiber, is confronted with an unequalled sight: all obstacles have been removed that were obscuring Hadrian's Mausoleum; the whole of the fortifications have been disinterred, cleared, and restored magnificently to their former greatness. Two hundred thousand cubic metres of earth have been removed to clear the ditch of the pentagonal bastion and to bring back the ground to the original level. It has been a tremendous task; and Professor Spaccarelli deserves to be praised for his sense of equilibrium in avoiding the risk of overdoing and spoiling the austerity of the great monument.

I have more than once met people who deeply regretted that Rome is no longer the sleepy and somewhat provincial city described by Goethe, Chateaubriand and Stendhal. This makes me think how deep in our subconscious mind is the love of Victorian romanticism. The Rome of literary reminiscences; the Rome of the Brownings, or preferably of Gibbon and Bulwer Lytton; the city we have seen so many times in those coloured mezzotints going up Aunt Julia's staircase—all these disapprove of such ruthless ways of achieving grandiosity. And yet, when the ancient Romans wished to add a new wall to their city, they erected the gigantic wall of the Forum of Augustus; and when they wanted a new arena, they built the Colosseum; and when they wanted an illustrated album of the war, they erected the columns of Trajanus and of Antoninus; and when a road-house was needed for tourists and travellers, they made the Thermae of Caracalla and Diocletianus. Such was the scale and the yardstick of ancient Rome. The modern *Aediles* have the responsibility of preserving the proportions.

'This Freedom'—III

Freedom, Democracy and Internationalism

By SIR NORMAN ANGELL

LET us note first a certain fact touching the nature of organised society. The more complex social organisation becomes, the more necessary does it become to limit certain freedoms in order that other freedoms may be purchased thereby. Mr. John Smith in the suburbs sacrifices the freedom (which Esquimaux and Polynesians possess) to lie in bed in the morning, in order to avoid conditions which he would like even less than having to catch the 8.30 to town every day.

Note how the thing works, as illustrated by an analogy which I have used in another connection. On the modern motor-car road we are certainly not free to drive as we see fit, much less free than was the driver of the ox-cart, who recked nothing of red lights and green lights, one-way streets or other annoying restrictions of the motor road. But suppose that in exasperation we swept away those restrictions, and were permitted to drive at seventy miles an hour each as he saw fit, some to the left, some to the right—would drivers really be 'freer'? We should not be free from the risk of horrible death; we should not be free to use the road at all in any sort of safety.

An Old Truth with an International Application

All that is an old story. Man trades one kind of freedom in order to get a better kind. He assumes obligations in order to secure certain rights. He pays his police rate for the protection of a neighbour whom he may cordially dislike, and pays taxes to discover who murdered some man that he has never heard of and about whom he is completely indifferent. He assumes these burdens because if he did not, if there were no organised system of common defence, if each had to depend upon his own strength, every household be its own guardian (which was the case until yesterday historically and is still the case over large sections of the earth) then no one could, or would, be safe. Every house would be at the mercy of any gang sufficiently strong to overcome a single household. If banditry is not in England quite as bad as it is in parts, say, of China, it is because we have a highly organised system of 'collective defence'—by which the protection of any single individual becomes the obligation of the whole community. In no other way can efficient defence be secured.

That is a truth which we have to face in the international field. There, also, we may take it that the first consideration

is defence, self-preservation. Under the old pre-War anarchy 'adequate defence' meant being able, if you got into a dispute with another nation as to rights, to impose your view of the dispute upon the other party to it. But if one party to the dispute is thus preponderant, what becomes of the other party's defence? Your security is his insecurity. Organised society has solved that dilemma within the state by saying that neither party shall be judge in its own dispute, that both shall submit to third-party judgment and that the power of the community as a whole shall restrain the party which violates that primary 'rule of the road'. To subscribe to such a rule nationally will certainly limit our 'freedom of action', as it limits our freedom of action to have traffic rules. But our freedom and sovereignty and independence will be much more limited if we have no rules at all. In fact we were not sovereign and independent under the old anarchy. 'Our hands were free' in August, 1914; we had no commitments. But the freedom from commitment did not keep us out of the War. We, like twenty other nations, including 'isolated' America, were dragged in, and the involvement cost us the best of a whole generation of youth, incalculable burdens, the shattering of our financial and economic apparatus. No man can tell what it did cost us for the end is not yet. Were we 'independent'? Were we really sovereign? We were as straws in the maelstrom. But although absence of commitment did not keep us out, commitment beforehand to do the very things we had to do in any case ultimately, would have relieved us of the necessity of doing them, would have kept us out. If Germany had known well beforehand that by taking a certain line, she would bring twenty states into the field against her, she would not have followed that line. It is only by commitment beforehand that force can be used to deter aggression, that is to say for effective defence. The potential power of the community deters banditry, prevents it coming into being at all, because would-be bandit gangs know that sooner or later they would face the whole force of the community.

No Society Without Some Loss of Freedom

Now it is certain that statesmen find it extremely difficult to duplicate that collective system in international politics; to commit their people beforehand. 'Democratic' feeling as a whole is against it. A democracy can much more easily be persuaded to go to war when a crisis has arisen than it

can be persuaded to commit itself beforehand to the kind of undertaking which would make it unnecessary to go to war at all. Nations cling to an illusory 'independence', 'freedom of action'. We commonly talk of independence as though it were, in itself, a social and noble ideal. But independence, the demand to be free of all rules of the road in our travels on the common highway, is, of course, a completely anti-social claim. An organised society, made up of sovereign and independent units, is a contradiction in terms. Unless those who compose a society are prepared to surrender some degree of independence there can be no society at all. Civilisation and the complete sovereignty of separate national groups are incompatible. This does not mean that nationality is doomed. There is much that is invaluable in the general instinct of nationalism. It is a rough-and-ready means by which we express the feeling that we are members one of another, at least within the national group; that we make a corporate body. But the fact that the nation makes a corporate body is not incompatible with the fact that it may have to observe an agreed code in its relations with other similar corporate bodies.

Loyalties Within Loyalties

Nor is the nation the only corporate body for which we may feel instinctive loyalties. The Church is also a corporate body; the political party; the Trade Union; the University; the College. But we do not ask that, for instance, the Church shall be 'sovereign and independent' and embody the whole functions of the State (though we did at one time ask this). We are prepared to give one set of loyalties to the Church or Union; another to the State. Nations can indeed exist within the framework of larger political organisations. Scotland is a nation, Wales is another. But Welsh and Scotch nationalism has so far been compatible with loyalty to an over-riding political authority, that of the British state. A man may speak Welsh, be moved by the tradition of his people, the legends of his mountains, and yet recognise that he has common interest in certain matters with Scotsmen and Englishmen. Just as Scotland may be a nation yet part of the British state, so Britain may be a corporate body and part of the larger body of civilisation. If and when the Scotsmen and the Welshmen set up a claim for complete national sovereignty and independence, repudiating obligation to any commonwealth of nations, British or other, our feet are set on the road to further anarchy, and the end of it will be the disintegration of civilisation.

Again, all this is simple enough. Yet vast confusions exist in the popular mind in respect of it. Democracies are nationalist in the narrow sense, moved by impulsive, semi-conscious, even unconscious, motives which prompt them to refrain from entering into any sort of partnership with other nations. 'No dashed Dagos sticking their noses into our business'. Yet, again, without partnership, we can never organise defence of the nation or of civilisation. And one of the ultimate questions which confronts us today is whether democracies can be brought so to realise the nature of organised society as to undertake the kind of obligation necessary to the management of a mechanised civilisation, which is in fact a world civilisation.

Note this: Whether good, bad or indifferent, workable or unworkable, democracy is inevitable. That is to say, any government is dependent in the long run on popular sanction. The dictator himself is dependent upon the populace, popular opinion, what the public, or important sections of it, think and feel.

In the Long Run the People Will Rule

How does a man become dictator? It does not answer the question at all to say 'by force'. How does he get the force? Dictatorships are not made by a man getting up and proclaiming himself dictator, a fact which you can put to the test by going into the street at this moment and proclaiming that you are the dictator of Great Britain. What will happen? The ambulance will come along and terminate your political career. But if a mob is surging down the street and you say, as a famous Frenchman standing at his window and seeing a mob in the street once said, 'I must follow them, for I am their leader', and you go out and manage to voice their vague resentments and passions, then indeed you may 'lead them'. But whatever the technique, dictatorship always involves the capture of the public mind in lesser or greater degree. It may capture it by bamboozling it; but in the long run, whether it be by

dictator or parliament, the people will rule. If today we live in a nationalist Europe it is because Nationalism is a popular force; if at one time governments burned heretics it was because the people thought they ought to be burned.

In Europe today each people demands the absolute sovereignty and independence of its own nation. The impulse—constituting the strongest single force in European politics—is rooted, it is true, in certain strong primitive instincts, but there are many circumstances in which obedience to strong primitive instincts may destroy us. The cry of 'Fire!' in a theatre may start an instinctive action resulting in fatal panic, with people trampled to death, though it may be an entirely false alarm. But panic can be quelled, or prevented from starting at all, if attendants deliberately trained in the relevant discipline, or members of the audience themselves, can bring the first unruly impulse under the discipline of the more civilised and cultivated second thought. Can the same thing be done for democracy as a whole?

I believe that it can, but only on condition that we reverse completely the assumption upon which democracy is usually defended. So long as we proceed on the assumption that the voice of the people is the voice of God democracy will fail as an instrument of government; will be an evil thing. If we work on the exactly contrary assumption that 'the voice of the people is usually the voice of Satan' we shall probably make democracy workable.

The truth ought to be pretty obvious. To say 'The People are always right; their decisions come from God' implies that we need take no precaution against panic, passion, prejudice, ignorance. But if we face the facts of human nature realistically, and say: 'Of course the mass of men are often subject to gusts of blind panic, prejudice, emotional irrelevance, folly, what precautions can we take to reduce the risks and dangers to the minimum?'—if that is our attitude, we shall probably find means of overcoming the dangers. The navigator who says 'There are no reefs in the seas' will wreck his ship. The navigator who charts the reefs has deprived them of most of their danger.

No Sound Judgment Without Freedom

At this point there enters the need for an unqualified liberty—the liberty of thought and discussion.

If we accept the premise, which we must, that in the end the kind of government or society which is to exist depends upon the degree of public wisdom or public folly, then we raise the question of what is necessary for sound public judgment, wise public opinion.

Three centuries since, European civilisation nearly went smash over religious differences. We had bitter wars, inquisitions, public burnings, tortures, incredible ferocities over dogmatic points which to us today seem completely unimportant. The coming of religious toleration marked one of the great changes of history. It was fundamentally a change in the public mind. Kings and rulers would have been helpless to ensure peace between the religious groups but for that change. Something similar will have to take place in the matter of nationalism. If it came in the one case it can come in the other.

But if in its judgments of policy the public mind is to become better instead of worse, there is one indispensable condition: a large measure of freedom of discussion, the habit of discussion, ready access to relevant knowledge. Unless a public develops the peculiar discipline necessary for 'hearing both sides', for listening to views with which it may not agree, a habit of open-mindedness and toleration, its judgments are certain to become unstable, subject to emotional irrelevancies, to panic. Right judgment on public policy does not come naturally, by the light of nature and a good heart, but by the development of a certain attitude of mind, certain habits or aptitudes—again, as illustrated in the ending of the religious wars and inquisitions.

The case for freedom of discussion is that without such freedom, without the habit of discussing the very things about which men feel strongly, there can never be developed the particular qualities of mind, of intellectual and moral temper, which make sound judgment possible. The case for that has been stated by an Englishman—John Stuart Mill—more clearly than by any other man who ever lived, in a little book with which every child in the Empire ought to be made familiar; for on the truths there clarified rest the hopes alike of freedom, democracy and civilisation.



The Listener

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Health in the Depression

THE Health Committee of the League of Nations has been engaged for the last eighteen months on a scientific investigation, on an international scale, of the effects of the economic depression on the public health. The information at present available has just been published in the *International Labour Review*, the journal of the International Labour Office at Geneva, and makes highly interesting reading. The inquiry has been restricted to the three main factors in physical well-being, clothing, housing, and nutrition. At the outset it should be realised that inquiries of this kind present all sorts of difficulties, and the information at present collected is uneven and patchy as between different countries. Thus the Polish Institute for Social Problems has made available much fuller information about the clothing position in Poland than is possessed for other countries. But the work so far done all points in the same direction, that with the prolongation of the depression public health is beginning to suffer all over the world. In the United States unemployed people can only obtain public assistance after they have completely exhausted their own resources. A natural desire to spin these out has made people underfeed themselves and their children, so that when they make their applications for help their health is already below the average. As far back as 1930 the Conference convened by President Hoover put the underfed children at six million. Today the Secretary of State for Health in Pennsylvania estimates an increase of from 25 to 50 per cent. in the number of undernourished persons.

The same story has to be told of European countries, and the various means available for testing the extent of undernourishment bear out each other's conclusions. Sometimes inquirers measure the total reduction in the consumption of foodstuffs in a particular district. A recent report of the Vienna Office of Markets gives figures for the all-round decline in the numbers of animals sold for food and in the quantities of bread, eggs, sugar, potatoes, fresh fruit. Other inquirers ask to see household account books in representative families, while others again work out the position on paper, measuring the amount of food which the unemployed can buy with their allowances, checked by the existing prices of commodities. But the best, because the most immediate method, is the medical examination of the unemployed and the com-

parison of their condition with that of workers more happily placed. In Germany the unemployed tend to live upon margarine and potatoes, especially the latter, a diet deficient both in proteins and calories. In the dispensary of a Berlin health centre, says the *Review*, it has been found that the unemployed show signs of malnutrition (rapid loss of weight, low respiratory quotient) almost as serious as those observed during the worst of the War years; and the Hamburg Institute of Physiology reports similar results. The children of the unemployed, some 4,500 of whom have been weighed in Hamburg and Berlin, are found to be appreciably short of normal weight and height. Both housing and clothing, while less vital than food, have an appreciable effect upon physical well-being, and still more upon the spirits and morale of sufferers. In the United States eviction has become an increasing result of prolonged unemployment, and evicted people are commonly driven to living together in one room or in an abandoned hut. People are driven either to taking lodgers, as many as they can get, or to live with relatives themselves; in either case overcrowding results.

The question facing the League inquiry is how far the whole world is living on its capital in health matters. The rapid increase both in Europe and America of the suicide rate and the lunacy statistics is an increase for which the ground was being prepared ever since the economic troubles began. By comparison with other countries, there is much in Great Britain for which we can be thankful; in particular there has been no very marked increase in malnutrition amongst school children: the percentage, which was .91 in 1928, had only moved to 1.07 in 1932. The free supply of milk which has been extended as the depression has spread has been one of the most successful remedial methods.

But there can be no complacency in this country because the position may be worse elsewhere. The great danger is of the slow undermining of constitutions so that specific illness later on far more easily obtains a deadly grip. It seems reasonable to conclude, says the *International Labour Review*, that 'quite a large section of the population of Britain has not the means to procure what is regarded by many authorities as the proper dietary'. But the rapid alteration in the actual composition of the unemployed, 10 per cent. of whom change in a single week, while it has greatly spread the area of uncertainty and despondency, has greatly diminished the field in which malnutrition can begin its ravages. In his last annual report on the state of the public health, Sir George Newman drew attention, from this point of view, to the great role of the public health services, which should be looked on as not only good in themselves but as a form of saving against the evil day.

Week by Week

AUGUST 4, 1934—how many of us can carry our minds back twenty years to the fatal August 4, 1914, which marked the end of nineteenth century civilisation and the beginning of twentieth century chaos? On Saturday night next the events of that distant July are to be retold on the National wavelength in an actuality programme of exceptional interest, entitled 'Twenty Years Ago—A Radio Report of Events Preceding the Outbreak of World War, August 4, 1914'. The programme is the work of Professor Harold Temperley, who with Dr. G. P. Gooch edited the official *British Archives on Origins of the War*, and by virtue of his position as a member of the Executive of the International Historical Congress has an exhaustive knowledge of the relevant documents published by all other countries on the subject. The programme tells by means of diplomatic despatches, telegrams, telephone conversations, extracts from memoirs and diaries and contemporary newspaper accounts, the story of events from the murder of the Austrian Archduke on June 28 to the final catastrophe on August 4. Every word and every fact is based

on the most painstaking and thorough research; all existing evidence has been sifted. The programme will make available to the widest possible audience the results of twenty years of research, which would otherwise remain in the obscurity of the archives or in the libraries of a few specialists. Listeners will hear the voices of the main actors in this world drama, expressing their thoughts and opinions, making the decisions of that fateful month. The programme will begin at 22.00 (10 p.m.) and end at 23.00 (11 p.m.), with Big Ben chiming the hour that marked the expiration of the British ultimatum to Germany. 'Twenty Years Ago' is a further experiment in the direction of what have come to be known as 'actuality programmes'. 'Crisis in Spain' and, more recently, 'The King's Tryall' are outstanding previous examples of this genre; but this radio report of the origins of the War promises by virtue of its universal interest and inherent drama to be a new landmark in this field.

* * *

'My Tomb', said Omar Khayyam to his pupil Khwajah Nizami of Samarcand, 'shall be in a spot where the North Wind may scatter Roses over it'. Whether the north wind scatters roses today, we do not know; but we do know that the Persians are about to erect a canopy over Omar's Tomb at Nishapur. The gesture may be more than Omar asked for; but it has been long in coming. All these years that FitzGerald's Rubaiyats (in limp leather) have been passed in their thousands from hand to hand as tasteful Christmas gifts, that the Omar Khayyam Club has gone on pilgrimage to Woodbridge, the Tomb at Nishapur has (to the concern of literary British Ministers at Teheran) mouldered in neglect, and Persians have pronounced Omar a heretic and sworn that they have many poets far better than he. Omar must—like Byron, like Wilde, like Galsworthy (whose books, at the moment that his stock is sinking in England, earn in Hungarian royalties enough to feed large numbers of the poor in Budapest)—be counted among these writers more honoured abroad than at home; and in his case the reason for the discrepancy is quite clear. To the Persians he was a perfectly real mocker of the Sufis, an advocate of a life that was a practical alternative to the mysticism that they preached; but to the English public which fell for FitzGerald's version in the 60's and 70's, he was a delicious Epicurean preaching a philosophy there was no earthly chance they would ever practise. To men of an industrial age brought up to think that life was earnest, work good and money-making better, fortified by Samuel Smiles and castigated by Matthew Arnold, believing in a Day of Judgment when marks would be allotted for performance here below, what more cheering escape can there have been than the quatrains which exalted Roses, Wine and Thou, which condemned the unknown Tomorrow and dead Yesterday, which gave, in short, an epicureanism which the tired business man could understand? Coming from an Englishman these sentiments would no doubt have been condemned as unsporting, unmanly and un-British; but under cover of their Persian origin, they could slip in as innocently as the passion of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's love sonnets slipped in as From the Portuguese. The popularity of the Rubaiyat has little to do perhaps with the poetry proper, and everything with the philosophy it propagates; and those purists who talk about FitzGerald's bad translation seem quite beside the point. Of course FitzGerald made it a different poem, but not so much because he played fast and loose with the original quatrains, as because he lived in an entirely different world from Omar's. The poet who is honoured by the pilgrims of Woodbridge is not at all the same as the poet whose tomb was so long neglected at Nishapur.

* * *

This year is the centenary of a small and little known but very important work of the state. It is a hundred years since Civil List Pensions for literary or academic or similar intellectual services were granted. The grant was itself a striking symptom of the change that had come over the spirit of public life. There still survived up to the verge of Queen Victoria's reign, the old system redolent of eighteenth-century jobbery whereby

Ministers commanded large sums for which they had not to account to Parliament in any detail, and with which they bought the services of agents, secret and political, and rewarded faithful followers. The sums so earmarked were very large. When reform took place and it was resolved that the day had gone by for rewarding by Government pensions the services of literary men who had made themselves useful, there remained the problem of rewarding necessitous merit. The sum set aside was no more than £1,200 a year, and at that figure it has remained ever since. Every year the Government is confronted with the delicate and painful task of dividing up £1,200 among men of distinction or their widows, daughters, or other dependents when the men have died without leaving adequate resources for their families. In order to make some sort of provision for as many deserving people as possible, pensions as small as £60 are favourite figures, and pensions hardly ever exceed £90 or £100. These sums, small as they are, are extraordinarily welcome to the recipients. There is dignity attaching to the List owing to the great distinction of the names that figure in it. But considered in terms of what such sums will buy spread over a year, the figures are almost derisory. A hundred years ago, when the figure was fixed at £1,200, money went much further. More important, the population was less than half what it is today, and nobody would believe that cases of acute distress could be anything but very exceptional. The fund was thought of as a small emergency nest-egg. It was assumed that everybody could, and would, save. Today, expenses have so greatly increased, notably taxation, that a man can hold for a number of years the highest paid position in some intellectual sphere and find himself unable to put by for his widow or daughter anything which will ever amount to an annual income. This is notoriously the case in clerical appointments where a proportion of the income is earmarked as a pension for a predecessor. The unwillingness of very old incumbents to retire is now governed by statutory regulations, and the claims which the Civil List is likely to be asked to consider in the future will consequently be more likely to increase. Public-spirited men have from time to time considered making private subventions to increase the total available beyond £1,200. Certainly by public or private action, the total will have to be increased.

* * *

Our Scottish correspondent writes:—A representative group of Scottish Nationalists, including one duke, one knight, and a schoolmaster wearing the kilt, has lately been investigating conditions in those parts of these islands that enjoy the blessings of self-government. From Belfast it proceeded to Dublin, and from Dublin to the Isle of Man; and what it saw on the way will no doubt be reported in due course. The tour was worth making—excessive insularity is one of our faults—and it was regarded as of such great importance by at least one Glasgow group of newspapers that a 'star' reporter was ordered to accompany the pilgrims. It is difficult to see, however, that the enquirers will receive anything but the most confusing impressions. It is a far cry from the austerity of Mr. De Valera's view of the Free State's destiny to the easy atmosphere of the Manx Legislature, even if it takes a Deemster to try a racing motorist. Already it has been admitted that Ulster is not unanimous for autonomy, and that, while the influence of Stormont House can be quickly applied to the benefit of local industry, the cement of unity in Ulster consists largely of sectarian feeling. All of which must have presented the honest-minded delegates with some very ticklish problems. This particular mission set off to a chorus of robustly imperial declarations—but it has yet to be made clear whether the driving force of Scottish Nationalism comes mainly from the sense of material disadvantage inherent in the existing relationship, or from the pure emotion of nationality, of which the logical end is complete separation. And official Nationalism has still to face the sectarian issue that would assuredly become critical should autonomy ever be achieved. The Party's points are very blandly framed, but they beg not a few questions.

Victoria Celebrates her Centenary

By the Rt. Hon. S. M. BRUCE

A broadcast given on July 13 by the Australian Minister in London, in which he describes how Victoria will mark her hundredth anniversary. The Duke of Gloucester, representing His Majesty the King, will open the celebrations in October

AUSTRALIA is still a young country from the standpoint of colonisation and settlement, although geologically it is said to be the oldest land in the world. In Great Britain you have Royal and Ancient Boroughs whose histories go back over a thousand years: a centenary means little to you in this, our Motherland, with a history extending over many centuries, but to us, in our young coun-

village', and threw up a few huts for himself and his men. The great City of Melbourne now stands on the site of that village, and in the comparatively short space of 100 years it has become the seventh city of the British Empire, with a population of over a million people. It has become not only a great commercial and industrial centre, but also one of the most beautiful cities in the world.

The development of Melbourne, of course, reflects the progress of the State. Melbourne has grown as the resources and potentialities of Victoria have been developed. The area of Victoria is just about equal to that of England and Wales, and yet it is much the smallest of the States on the Australian mainland and is commonly known as the Garden State of Australia. It is, however, rich in agricultural and pastoral wealth, produces a large proportion of the mutton and lamb, butter and fruit which Australia sends to Great Britain, and also is the home of some of the best merino sheep which pro-



try, it is a notable event. It gives us an opportunity of letting the world know that we are growing up, and of inviting all who can make the journey to come and see for themselves how we are progressing.

The foundation and development of Victoria and of Melbourne, its capital city, is a romance, and the story one of great courage, great vision and great achievement. Tonight I have only time to tell you of some of those who have played a leading part, and of some of the outstanding events. The names that will for all time be linked with the founding of Victoria and

Melbourne are Edward Henty and John Batman. Edward was one of seven sturdy sons of Thomas Henty, a Sussex farmer who embarked on the adventurous crossing of 12,000 miles of sea to found a home in a new country. He settled first in Western Australia, but later, in his little brig, ventured on another voyage of nearly 2,000 miles to Tasmania. This included a journey across the Great Australian Bight, which even in our days of 20,000 ton liners has a reputation very similar to that of the Bay of Biscay. From Tasmania he sent his son, Edward, to explore the mainland, and in November, 1834, he landed in Portland Bay, at a spot which now forms part of the Western district of Victoria, one of the most fertile and prosperous dairying areas in the world.

John Batman was the son of an English settler in New South Wales. He led an expedition across the Bass Straits from Van Diemen's Land—now known as Tasmania—to settle the fertile lands round Port Philip. There, on the banks of the River Yarra, he found what he called 'a place for a



Growth of Victoria's capital city. (Above) Princes Bridge, Melbourne, today; (below) in 1853

duce some of the best wool in the world. It also used to be the greatest producer of gold in the Commonwealth. Victoria is a beautiful country, with fertile valleys and lovely flowering plants, and many of its peaks are snow-capped in winter and form favourite resorts for thousands of holiday makers. How many of you realise that in Australia winter-sports are carried on in surroundings that remind the visitor of Switzerland—while in contrast you have glorious sandy beaches all along the coast which are unequalled in the world?

The Victoria Centenary Celebrations will be inaugurated in October with an International Air Race from Great Britain to Australia for prizes amounting to £15,000. From then onwards for a period of five months there will be exhibitions and pageants of all kinds illustrative of the life and history of Victoria. During this period the world-famous race for the Melbourne Cup will be run, and there will be many other sporting events. The festivities, however, will not be confined to Victoria and Melbourne: during the course of his tour,



Aerial view of Melbourne, looking towards Dandenong Ranges

His Royal Highness will honour the other States with a visit, and in each one arrangements have been made to ensure a welcome appropriate to such a memorable occasion. The

people of Australia are hopeful that many thousands of you—their kinsfolk—from the Mother Country will make the occasion the opportunity to pay them a visit.

Music

Frederick Delius

By ERIC BLOM

COMPOSERS, aesthetically considered, fall into two species: those who are out-and-out musicians and those who are first and foremost artists. The former are born with overwhelming musicianly gifts which there is no mistaking and for which it only remains to find a suitable outlet. Palestrina, Byrd, Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Brahms are typical figures of that type. The others—those who are primarily artists—are felt to have come to musical expression by a post-natal set of circumstances. Such men as Monteverdi, Gluck, Weber, Berlioz, Wagner and Debussy could, one feels—and in some cases knows—have done almost anything else of an artistic nature, had not composition happened to claim them by accident, just as, conversely, artists like Leonardo da Vinci or Milton or Delacroix might have turned to musical composition.

I have named some of the greatest composers, and if I go on with some only a little less great, such as Franck and Dvorák for predestined musicians or Grieg and Ravel for potential artists of any sort, it is merely to induce my readers to continue making distinctions for themselves, which they will find to apply all down the line. It will be said, no doubt, that this is a broad generalisation, which may need justifying at length, and that in the course of such justification we may hit upon exceptions and doubtful instances. However, I have been asked to write, not about the classification of composers, but

about one whose recent death happens to have made him more than usually prominent just now. I must, therefore, if not abandon my thesis, at least hasten to apply it to the topic of Frederick Delius.

It is very much to the point, as a matter of fact. There never was a composer of the first order so obviously of my second class. Delius, more than any other, was an artist first and a musician afterwards. We do not hear of his tyrannising over his family in his youth with a craving for musical outlets, as we do in the case of the predestined musicians I have named, so far as we have records of their childhood, and in that of Mendelssohn and other typical born musicians into the bargain. Delius was not born with an instinctive musical equipment; he was born with artistic leanings that might have driven him into equally spontaneous expression in verse or paint, as we can tell quite plainly from his lyrical and delicately-hued music, but not in architecture, as we may judge equally well from its formal fluidity, which is by no means, as it has been too often called, vagueness.

The allegation of a lack of form in Delius is similar to, and as futile as, that of a lack of technical resourcefulness. All that can possibly be meant by this reproach is that he had not a heaven-sent technique. But none of the made composers, as distinct from the born ones, ever had. They do not, like the more fortunately endowed, draw simply and naturally on a fund of ways and means placed at their disposal by some fairy-

godmother dispensation; they have to forge their own technique according to their needs as they go along. This means a vast amount of waste, of experiment, of uninteresting or useless early works. See how slow even Wagner was to find himself and to discard adverse influences; how long Gluck and Weber fumbled after adequate expression; how undistinguished Debussy's first compositions are.

There is a reward, however, in all this hard striving after a technique for the artists who turned composers more or less by accident, or at any rate there is a compensation for the world. For they are almost certain to show greater individuality in their art than the born composers. With one exception, those I have named as among the former accepted music pretty much as it was in their time. That is to say, there is nothing to distinguish their work from that of their minor precursors and contemporaries but that trifling thing which secures immortality—genius. Superficially, technically, Palestrina is very like Ingegneri, Byrd like Tallis, Bach like Pachelbel, Handel like Keiser, and so on and on.

The exception is Beethoven; but I think an external circumstance—his deafness—has a great deal to do with that. Note that during the earlier part of his career he too modelled himself on composers a generation or so older than he. It was when he could no longer hear other people's music that he found himself driven to drawing less on born musicianship and more on artistic imagination, and so grew into one of those makers of a new, personal technique who belong to my second species of composers.

Another exception whom honesty compels me to examine, though the case is less striking, is Franck. Although decidedly a musician born, he did create for himself a manner very much his own—indeed almost a set of mannerisms. He too, thus comes near the frontier between my two categories, near those who, born with a general and not specifically musicianly aspiration towards art, happened to turn to music, though they may quite easily be imagined to have turned, let us say, to painting.

Now your artist-composer, as distinct from your musician-composer, is invariably to some extent a mannerist, in support of which assertion I may unhesitatingly cite all my witnesses—Monteverdi and Gluck, Weber and Berlioz, Wagner and Grieg, Debussy and Ravel. But my principal witness must undoubtedly be Delius. His style is so much his own that it could not possibly be mistaken for anyone else's. Although it is hard for those with a smattering of musical discernment to understand, the fact is that non-musicians frequently cannot tell the difference between Bach and Handel or between Haydn and Mozart. But even the least musical will at once know Delius from Debussy, not to mention others even farther removed

from him in style. There is in fact nothing else in music like the work of this exquisite poet and painter in sound. Any piece of his maturity—and the others are, as those of all artist-composers, merely preparatory and of none but biographical value—is at once recognised.

The features of his style are inescapable: indeed, hostile criticism would say that they are an obsession. There seems to be no getting away from his tiny and waywardly modified melodic snatches, his aquarellist orchestration, his passion for chords of the seventh and, more characteristically, their consecutive use. As for this last addiction of his, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that if you stretch your left hand as far as a

seventh and move it up and down on the piano playing intermediate notes aptly chosen, you have at once a Delian musical texture and need only add a suitable tune—and not too much of a tune, be it said—to complete the illusion that what is being played is authentic Delius.

That is all very well; but no mere mannerist ever made a great composer, and as, to my mind, there is no doubt whatever about the greatness of Delius, it must be accounted for by something else than the technique he succeeded in making for himself, marvellously fitted though it be to what he happens to require as an artist. Well, this last word saves me from going any farther in my quest for an explanation of his genius. The artist, the all-round artist, in him makes his best work immune from any reproach of insufficiency, whatever personal taste or academic knowledge may object to in detail. For behind the sheer exquisiteness of sound there always is in his finest achievements the vision of the potential painter and the choice imagination of the potential poet.

This means, of course, that Delius was not an absolute musician. It is true that none of his outstanding instrumental

works is without—let me not say a 'programme', which is too crude a way of putting it and too suggestive of pictorialism or dramatic action, but without some sort of extra-musical conception that quietly collects impressions of nature or of poetry and distils them into music. Hence, no doubt, his works with titles are as a rule found to be the best. Not that the Sonatas and Concertos or the string Quartet necessarily attempt to be purely musical; but one nevertheless has the impression that where Delius revealed the secret of a summer garden or a river scene, he did so because the universal artist in him felt more strongly urged to expression than the mere musician, and that it was this side of him which found the most complete and satisfying utterance. Still, it was after all the musician who claimed to give shape to these fancies, and he did it with a beauty, a sensitiveness and, in the last resort, a perfect adequacy of means which made Frederick Delius, though he was not a born composer, into one of the masters of music.



Delius, by H. James Gunn
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Interpretation or Distortion?

A RECENT notice of a chamber music concert (in a prominent London daily noted for the excellence of its musical criticism) contained the following passages:

The general musical conception of the tempi carried conviction, and obviously followed out the composer's intentions. But the performance was lacking in subtlety, and the first movement was decidedly rough. . . . Also dotted notes—whether crotchets or quavers—were often given equal value.

Having pointed out these really serious faults, the writer went on to say that, 'apart from these defects the interpretations were admirable'.

A favourable summing-up with so large a reservation makes one wonder whether the critic was merely cautious, or whether his somewhat confused verdict exemplifies the present-day tendency to exalt temperament and individuality at the expense of technical finish and faithful adherence to the details of a composer's text. In this connection one's thoughts go back to some letters of Beethoven which give us the composer's point of view. Much of Beethoven's correspondence dealt with the iniquities of copyists and engravers in regard to details. For example, in a letter to Schott concerning some corrections in the Mass in D, he says: 'I could not find any copyist able even to a moderate degree to understand what he was writing: hence for some of the worst pages I have had new leaves inserted.' After going into detail concerning the exact placing of dots, he complains about casualness in writing slurs:

The slurs just as they now stand! It is not a matter of indifference whether you play



I have spent no less than the whole morning and the whole of yesterday afternoon over the correction of the two pieces, and am quite hoarse with swearing and stamping.

We cannot but speculate as to the swearing and stamping he would indulge in could he hear what some performers, including even eminent conductors, do with some of the 'tremendous trifles' over which he was so painstaking.

In this same letter he holds forth on 'the importance of observing marks of expression, and is careful to define the difference between the staccato dash and the dot. He complains that the signs for *piano* and the marks for *crescendos* and *diminuendos* are 'terribly neglected', and occur very often in the wrong place. He adds:

Please impress on Rampel to write everything as it stands; now only look carefully at what I have corrected, and you will find all that you have to say to him; where the dot is over the note there must be no dash; also *vice versa!* Notes with dots over them and notes with dashes are not the same thing.

When we find a great composer so concerned over minutiae we may fairly ask of performers that they should be no less scrupulous.

Beethoven was indignant, too, at the ignoring of his expression marks in 'Fidelio'. He complains that no notice was taken of a single one. 'If that's what I have to hear, there is no inducement to write anything more'.

We know, of course, what is said by performers on such points. They either imply that the composers don't always know their own mind in such matters, or alternatively that the creator of a piece of music is not always the best judge of effect; or they defend their non-observance of time values (e.g. the non- (or only partial) observance of dots mentioned in the quotation at the head of this article) by shielding themselves behind the blessed word, 'rubato'. Now, nobody, least of all a composer, demands of performers that they shall be mechanical. There must be freedom. We know on the best of authority that the letter killeth but the spirit giveth life. But that is no justification for killing the letter, which after all must be on paper before we can understand the spirit of which it is the symbol; and it ought to be obvious that a rhythm that is both vital as well as free can hardly be obtained when

the relative note values are obscured. Let me cite a couple of examples that I have used long ago in writing on this subject. I once attended a recital given by a well-known pianist who announced that she would follow the rubato rule of keeping the left hand in strict time, while the right fluctuated in pace, on the principles ascribed to Chopin himself. By the way, I have never been convinced that Chopin meant all that the rubato-mongers claim that he meant in this connection, because a moment's thought will show that a rigid left hand and a fluctuating right must often cause the harmony expressed by the left to disagree with that implied by the right. However, I turned up at the recital ready to be converted. The player began with the Nocturne in F sharp minor. I noted down, as nearly as so vague a rhythmic scheme can be expressed on paper, her performance of the opening phrase. Here it is:



Is this an improvement on the original? I am no advocate of rigidly exact time in music, least of all in music of this sort, but I believe that a pretty exact performance of the phrase as Chopin wrote it:



is more poetic than the distortion given in Ex. 2.

However, I do not ask the reader to accept my evidence alone. Within a few months of my having noted the examples of rubato given above, one of the best known of London musical critics attended a Chopin recital given by a world-famous pianist. The programme included Chopin's F minor Fantasia, in which occurs a long-drawn melody opening thus :



The critic was so much struck by the eccentricity of the performance of this phrase that he noted it down:



Can there be any reasonable defence of this sort of thing? I suggest that the time is overdue for a frank consideration of the degree to which public performers should be allowed to disregard a composer's plainly expressed intentions.

One of the first and most damning pieces of evidence against the distortionists (alias the 'interpreters') will be the easily verifiable fact that a string quartet can give us the most subtly-expressive of performances without resorting to the tricks of the soloists. The argument that the exigencies of ensemble-playing act as a restraining influence does not alter the fact that the players are able to give us both expression and textual accuracy; and a natural inference is that soloists who depend on rubato of the type quoted above do so because they are deficient in the finer qualities of musicianship.

Regret is often expressed that the gramophone was invented too late to enable us to hear the great composers interpreting their own works. The feeling is natural. Nevertheless, although records of Chopin's playing of his Nocturne in F sharp minor and the F minor Fantasia would no doubt reveal new beauties, it is extremely unlikely that they would show him writing one thing and playing another.

HARVEY GRACE

What I Like in Art—VI

The Royal Porch at Chartres

By ERIC GILL

IF I am asked to say why I like the sculpture on the West Porch of the Cathedral at Chartres the first and obvious answer is: because it is *beautiful*. But what does that mean and why do I think so? I am told that people want to know these things.

The beautiful is that which, being seen, pleases.

There are therefore to be explained two things: the nature of the thing seen and the nature of the pleasure it gives. What is the nature of the thing seen? Let us not for a moment forget that we are talking about a particular thing—not things in general. We are discussing the thing at Chartres. What is that thing? It is a very complicated thing—not a simple thing like a safety-pin or a leather thong. What is it? And how does it please us?

We see before us a row of stone kings and queens and we see them as forming the decoration or furniture of a church porch—not a little church but a very big and grand and important holy place—a place of pilgrimage to which millions of men and women have come—a place which took, in one way and another, the whole population of the neighbourhood a hundred years to build. We see stone kings and queens. We do not see merely carvings of stone—mere things of light and shade—mere three-dimensional lumps of material. The sunlight falls upon them; so of course there is light and shade—without light and shade we should not see them. They are made of the material called stone; so of course they have three dimensions—if they had not three dimensions they would not exist. But it is stone kings and queens that we see. Their dimensions and the light and shade are the means by which we see them.

Kings and queens!—Kings and queens on a church porch—Stone kings and queens, the church, the door of a church—The door! The doors of houses, of the houses of men—Houses! the house of God—Men! man, matter and spirit both real and both good, child of God, son of God and, if son, heir also—Heir! inheritor of the kingdom of heaven—Heaven! the fulfilment of man's desire.

Again: Stone. That heavy and solid and mellow coloured

stuff—very durable for building and carving. It is not like flesh and blood; it is passive, motionless. It is not like wood or iron; it is not tenuous and will not bend. It has a nature of its own. Stone kings and queens must partake of the nature of stone. The sculptor must see kings and queens as stones standing.

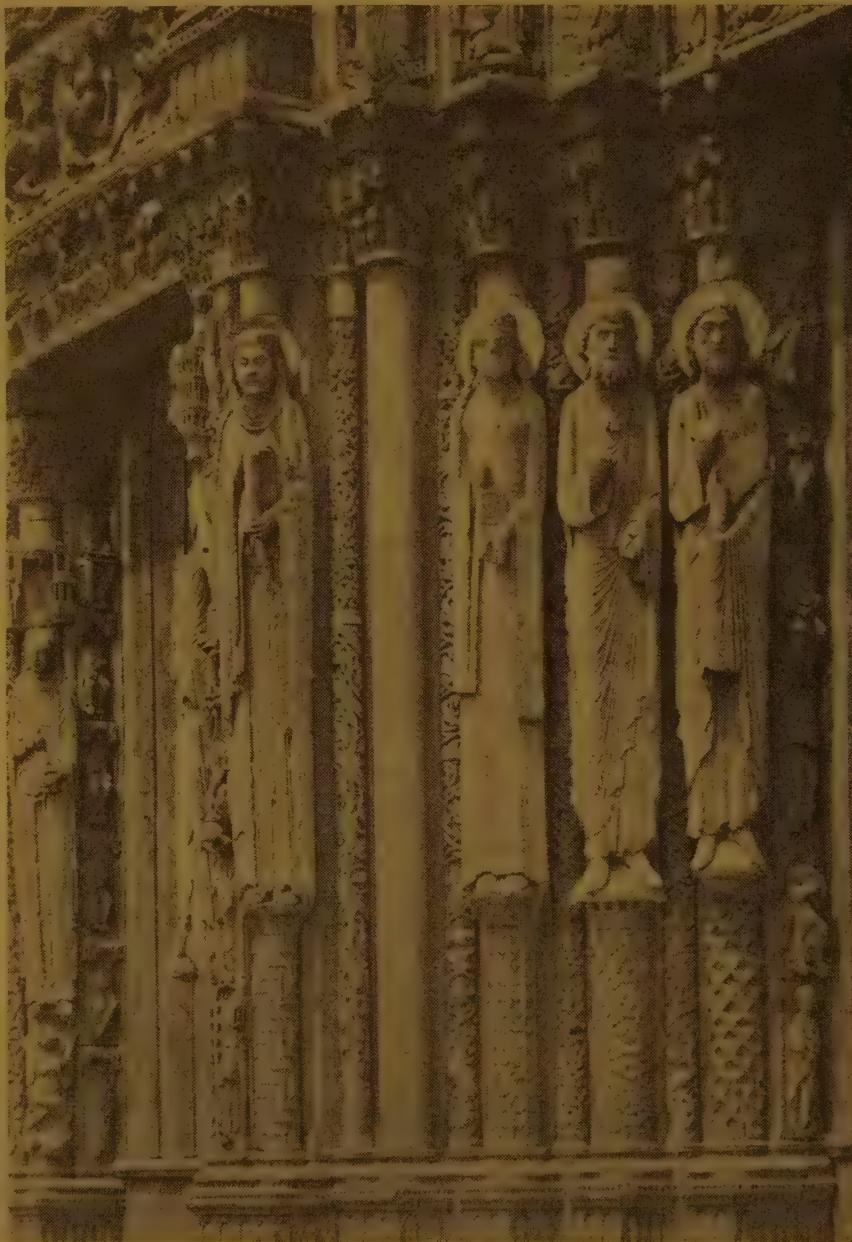
Even the person who is not a stone carver can appreciate the special good qualities of stone. Pebbles on the beach and rocks and round pillars and the masonry of Norman castles and the buttresses of big churches are things which all men find beautiful—that is pleasing when seen, things good in themselves and satisfactory to the mind.

So the thing before us is a row of stone kings and queens. First of all it is kings and queens and then it is kings and queens of stone. And then it is a church porch and so it is stone kings and queens on a church porch. It is very complicated, but not more complicated than the mind of man. And if, having seen these things, we find them pleasing, it is because the mind is at rest, satisfied, fed with its appropriate food, confronted by what is connatural to it. The complicated mixture of associations, of purposes to be served; the special, the individual vision of the men who carved these images, the communal vision of the people of that time pervading, informing the whole

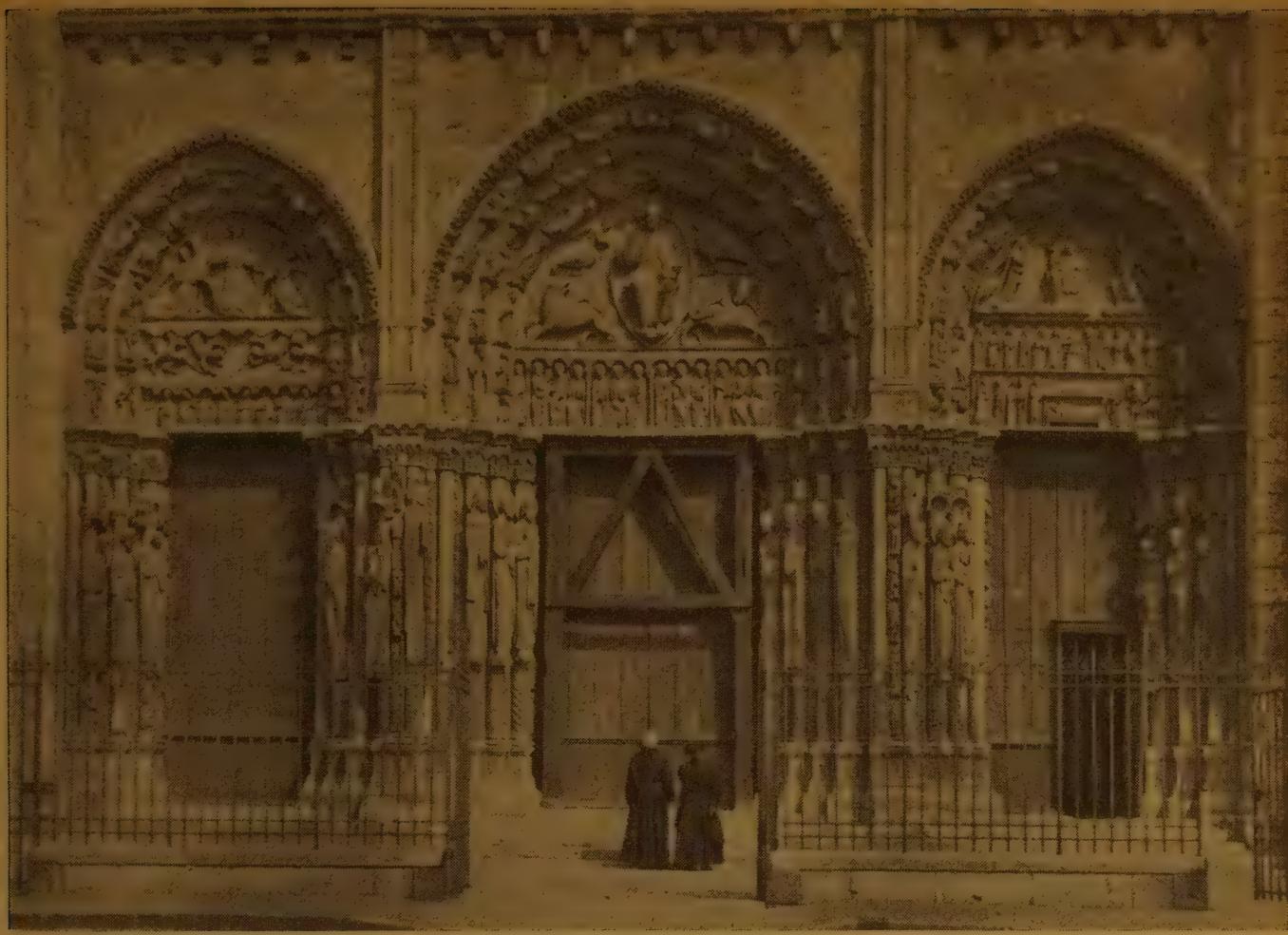
work so that idiosyncrasy is exalted in a commonly accepted vision—all these things are present in such works and particularly in such a work as this.

And if having seen these things we still do not find them pleasing, it is because we live in another world, worship different gods—steam, electricity, the photograph, parliamentary government, foreign trade—things which appeal to our sentimentality or love of power or even simply our sensuality.

The beautiful is that which being seen pleases. But it is the mind which is pleased, and the mind cannot be pleased by what is foreign or inimical to it. Hence it is that in the absence of a common agreement among men as to the nature of man and his destiny, in the absence of commonly accepted standards of right and wrong, in the absence of a common



The group of Kings and Queens on the West Porch



The West Porch at Chartres Cathedral

Photographs by courtesy of Arthur Gardner from his 'Medieval Sculpture in France'

agreement as to what is just and what unjust in private life and public politics, we flounder and wriggle in innumerable personal likes and dislikes and say it is all a matter of individual taste and there can be no criterion of beauty by which all things may be judged.

In our muddled world there are two lines of thought more popular than others. First there is the idea that all sculptured images should look as much like flesh and blood as possible—that people go to art schools to learn about anatomy and to study naked models so that they may make their sculptures 'true to nature' (*i.e.* true to the nature of flesh and blood—not true to the nature of imagination or of stone). This idea is prevalent among men of business and their employees; for these people are brought up on the photograph and the illustrated newspapers and have a journalistic or day-to-day or hand-to-mouth view of everything. They have made a world in which all things are merchandise—nothing is good in itself—things are only good if they can be sold. They have made a world in which the great majority of workmen are reduced to a sub-human condition of intellectual irresponsibility, being only minders of machines and not makers of things and having no responsibility for the form or quality of anything they assist in producing. The responsibility of both the men and their masters is merely functional and so, having no occasion to train or exercise their minds, they have no pleasure in anything but the easily recognisable. For them art is, in the most literal sense, the business of holding a mirror up to nature.

Second there is the idea, the exactly opposite idea, that art has nothing at all to do with likeness to nature, but is solely the business of producing psychical states by means of light and shade and colours and shapes. This idea is now a commonly accepted one among art critics; for the conditions of their trade compel them to regard the subject of the work as less important than the personal peculiarities of the man who does it. For these people, when they look at the Kings and Queens of Chartres, there are no kings and queens, nor churches, nor doors, nor even stones; there are only shapes and colours which, as they are pleasing or displeasing, are productive of pleasant or unpleasant mental sensations. It is

only an accident that these things are kings and queens; for these people, kings and queens are only the occasion for more or less pleasing patterns. The artist, they say, is not interested in religion or politics, not even in men and women, still less in making doorways whether of houses or churches. 'All art is useless', said Oscar Wilde (one of their prophets), and as all useful things can now be made by machinery there is no longer any need for artists to concern themselves with anything but psychical reactions. They go so far as to say that art is fundamentally irrational, meaningless, and that all that matters is that by a progressive training of ourselves we shall be able to appreciate finer and finer shades of sensation.

Neither of these two schools of thought is absolutely wrong. 'Likeness to nature' is of course an inevitable part of image making, and the relations, the visual relations of things, are, of course, the inevitable occasion of pleasure or displeasure. The only wrong thing is a world which has, in its worship of commercial aggrandisement and physical convenience and in its submission to the rule of money, achieved the unnatural separation of the idea of use from the idea of beauty and the idea of work from the idea of art. And in such circumstances the useful is the purely functional and the beautiful is the purely sensational.

It follows, naturally, that, confronted by the sculpture of Chartres, the man of business sees nothing but distorted images of men and women; and the aesthete sees no men or women but only light and shade. The one will be annoyed if I say there is no improper distortion; the other will be annoyed if I insist on the fact that they are Kings and Queens.

I do not think there is any cure for this sad condition of things. If the world really liked these works it would produce similar things, and until it produces similar things it cannot like such works. You cannot serve two masters. The person who rules in a bank and buys 'old masters' is probably buying the pictures as an investment—you couldn't wish it otherwise.

I like these sculptures because they seem to me entirely holy. Holy! That is to say compounded of a world which believed in God and man's redemption, in the authority of the Church and that of kings and princes—a world wholly rational

in its approach to the business of building in stone, wholly rational in its notion of what a cathedral church is, wholly rational in its idea of the nature of images and its idea of the nature of stone carving. Wholly rational and yet simple-minded and tender-hearted; child-like and yet austere and careful and patient; playful and sensual and yet tidy and curbed and mortified. Here are works of the imagination—things formed in the mind, the mind informed by faith, hope and charity. Here are works of the imagination; they do not stink of the art school and the text-book of irrelevant bones and muscles. They do not stink of the theatre and the posturing of men and women who turn everything into an occa-

sion for self-expression. And, of course, they are extremely well carved; that is to say they are the works of men who knew what could be done with stones and chisels, and who were not simply modellers in clay content to have their puddingy clay mechanically copied in stone by wooden-headed mechanicians. They are works of the imagination, imagined in stone from the beginning. Their very being is stone. They are hardly the works of men at all; for they are the works of God using men as the instruments for his pleasure—Man collaborating with God in creating. They are the work of men in whom intellect and will, vision and love were completely harmonised.

Gauging Human Personality

I—The Psychology of Psychologists

By ROBERT SAUDEK

A survey by the Editor of 'Character and Personality' of some of the forces that go to make up Human Value, beginning with the strange ways of psychologists themselves

SUPPOSE you awake one peaceful Sunday morning in a meditative philosophical mood, come down into your study, and turn over the leaf of your calendar block to see what particular grain of wisdom the stationers have reserved for this happy day out of their stock of three hundred and sixty-five wisdoms a year. This is precisely what I have done myself today, and this is what I found under today's date in my household oracle:

'You can't see beauty with miserable eyes.'

H. G. WELLS

Quite, I thought, but just why can't you? Evidently because there is not such a thing as Beauty, absolute, unalterable and equally appealing to human beings regardless of their mental make-up, physical comfort, and actual moods. But then, if it be true that it takes happy eyes to see beauty, does it follow that you can't see ugliness unless your eyes are miserable? You ponder for a moment over this problem, try to remember how on this or that occasion, in happy and unhappy moods, you have actually responded to beauty and to ugliness, and you come to the conclusion that you can quite well conceive ugliness while in a happy mood, although it may be difficult if not impossible to see beauty while feeling miserable. The happier you are, the more your mind is open to embrace beauty, and the more will you be shocked by ugliness. So far you feel yourself to be on safe ground. But, being a born philosopher, you go on asking yourself questions.

Study Yourself to Know Your Fellows

Would all people react in the same way to the same stimulus of beautiful or ugly sights? Probably the stationers who selected the daily oracles for your thoughts expected you to philosophise on similar lines. Or else is it just an accident that the quotation on the next day's leaf offers an answer to your question? There you read:

'To know your neighbour's feeling, look in your own heart.'

GOETHE

How simple indeed! Thus the great German poet believes that you have only to be honestly sure about your own emotions, to know your own heart, in order to know also that of your neighbour. And evidently again from this follows that if all human beings really react in the same way to the same stimuli, the only training needed for the understanding of all your 'neighbours' (in other words, of mankind) would be a thorough and honest study of yourself.

Expressed in technical language this would amount to the claim that introspective psychology is the only fruitful psychology. Why, then, do psychologists all over the world bother so much with their thousandfold experiments? Why do they tell us that though anyone behaves differently from all others there are definite types who, in spite of small differences, do behave in a somewhat similar way; that in each case nature and nurture count, but again in each case differently and to a different extent; that according to our nature and nurture we cannot help seeing things in our own way only; that it is no use trying

to make *A* see things as *B* naturally sees them; in short, that you are bound to misjudge your neighbours when applying only your own standards?

Did by any chance your stationers provide for this dilemma as well? This is what my calendar quotes on the following day:

'The just man cannot live in peace against the will of his unjust neighbours'.

SCHILLER

What Makes an 'Unjust Neighbour'?

This is, of course, the traditional quotation ever ready in the armoury of statesmen after the declaration of war. Taking it for granted that the opponents were the aggressors, your own country simply had to wage war because she could not possibly live in peace against the neighbours' will. But lately—in the last ten years or so—the peoples have become rather uncertain about their incidental opponents' evil mind. Some individuals at least have learnt that, strange as it first seemed to them, no particular country was really right, but that each country in her own way could not help seeing the opponent as the unjust aggressor, and her own leaders as champions of the Truth. Some people know by now that both parties prayed for help from the same God for two opposite, though apparently equally just, causes.

How did this change come about? Was it perhaps an assertion and a victory of *individual psychology* over *mass-psychology*? And if so, is Schiller's wisdom valid only for races, nations, political units, tribes and families in opposition to each other—in short, for masses and not for individuals? And besides, what do the words 'unjust neighbours' precisely mean? Does not your valuation also rather depend on whether you are in happy or unhappy mood when judging your neighbour? Does not the vicious circle of your Sunday morning philosophy end precisely where it started?

It is all very puzzling indeed, and possibly useless. You leave your stationers' oracle alone and turn to some more joyful stimulus. There is your favourite Sunday paper, and in its literary column, an essay on D. H. Lawrence: '... obsessed by sex, he could not help seeing men and women distorted ...'

There is no running away from it. Again you are in the middle of fundamental psychological problems.

If it were true that a man possessed by some one-sided idea, conception, or philosophy, cannot help seeing the outside world shaped to that particular obsession of his, and consequently distorted, then it would logically follow that orthodox professors of any special psychological school cannot but offer a distorted picture of their fellow men and women, which means to say a caricature of themselves, yourselves, and of your neighbours. Once we accept such a theory we cannot escape the conclusion that anyone who insists on explaining all our human actions and reactions, say, by sex alone, does so because he happens to be himself obsessed by sex. Or that anyone who claims to have found the final solution of human motives in an inborn thirst for power is quite honest in his profession simply because he feels such ambitious urges alive

in himself, and cannot help seeing all phenomena in life only from this angle of view. Or that anyone who explains civilisation as the permanent mental struggle of individuals, groups, tribes and nations against their inborn *criminal instincts* is bound to profess this and no other theory because of his own mental make-up.

Intelligent Layman v. Professional Psychologist

Don't these considerations suggest that any psychological theory is, by its very nature, a sort of autobiography rather than the result of an objective research; a confession rather than a discovery; in short, a one-sided doctrine, erroneously though in good faith presented as if it were a generally valid rule, while it is really due only to that lack of proportion which prevents a man from seeing himself as others see him? Is not, after all, the intelligent non-psychologist a better judge of the professional psychologist, simply because he is not handicapped by theoretical considerations, and therefore has kept his sense of proportion? Would not the professionals better consult the intelligent men rather than wait until the latter fill their consulting rooms?

If such theories as have been instanced here covered the whole, or even the main, ground of psychology, the answer might probably be in the affirmative. But the science of psychology is something quite different from what it probably appears to a good many of our hypothetical amateur philosophers. True, there was a time when such one-sided doctrines were really about all that psychology had to offer, a time when such 'inspiration' of some such high priests of an imaginary science carried the day. But these times have definitely gone. And they were certainly not barren, but have borne their fruit. We have learned a good deal from those inspirations and insights into one-sided minds, from the confessions of those who tried to explain other minds by the honest analysis of their own urges and repressions, and more still from the observations and interpretations of thousands of clinical cases, erroneous as these interpretations may appear in the light of our present knowledge. But we have also learnt to distrust the inspirations of any psychologist who insists on explaining the thousandfold phenomena of our mental life in *one*, and only one, way. We have learnt to beware of premature generalisations.

We know now, or think that we know, that those inspired specialists see fewer phenomena than the layman, but that they see those things on which they insist much more clearly than we do, and that most probably we should not be able to notice those hundredfold typical and symptomatic phenomena had not the professional psychologists perceived them first, and taught us where to look for them and how to interpret their meaning.

Judging the Normal by Study of the Abnormal

We know now that we are better fitted for understanding the slight differences as they occur in the psychology of normal people, when our power of observation has been sharpened by the observation of abnormal cases.

Sex is alive in all of us, but we are not obsessed by it; the desire to rise in our social position makes us all more or less ambitious, but the wish has not deteriorated to such an extent as to make us want to dominate others by our will-power. We may have suffered from the recollection of some painful event in our childhood, but we did not after all allow this reminiscence of the past to develop into a permanent 'infantile fixation'; self-doubts may often enough have curbed our energy, but they have not degenerated into morbid depressions; occasionally we might have been frightened by the idea that some adversary or competitor of ours was going to take his revenge on us; but our fear neither amounted to morbid anxieties (phobias), nor did it grow into some persecution mania (paranoia); we went perhaps through periods of day-dreaming, but we did not so lose our sense of reality as to be carried away by actual delusions; we may have cried or shouted in our dreams when tormented by the nightmare of having to mount the scaffold, but there has never been the faintest possibility of our being handed over to the executioner to atone for murder.

In short, if we 'normal people' understand more or less our abnormal neighbours, we do so only because the same urges and repressions which dominate, shape and distort their souls are not so utterly alien to our own nature as we thought they were before, from these morbid cases, we learned how

to trace similar urges and repressions, similar pains and joys, in our own 'normal' nature.

Or, as the poet Goethe confessed when interviewed by his diarist Eckermann: 'There is no human passion and no human crime of which at some time or other I have not felt the seed alive in myself'.

Still, between the sane and the insane there remains an impenetrable ravine. If we do indeed understand, we do so partly and vaguely only, by intuition rather than by definite scientific standards. There may be some reliable bridge between the sane and the neurotic, but there is hardly any between the sane and the psychotic.

Our own emotional responses cannot possibly form an objective basis for the psychological research of both the normal and the abnormal mind. Introspective psychology alone will not do. What more then is needed? Collection of big groups of data? Statistics? Genealogical trees (to trace hereditary influences)? Or adequate measurements of intelligence, attention, memory, speed of motor reactions, emotions, will-power, power of resistance against temptations? Or tests of such personality traits as ascendancy-submission, temperament, self-sufficiency, introversion-extraversion, individual valuations of dozens of 'virtues and vices'?

Or would it further our knowledge if we went on with those hundredfold measurements of the responses of our senses to such outer stimuli as colour, sound, temperature, smell, touch, and what not, with which the psychological laboratories all over the world have kept students busy for the last fifty years or so? Or should we rather rely on the help of the sciences of physiology and biology and biochemistry, and insist on first learning the facts about the relation of mental power to size, shape and weight of the brain, or of the correlation of climate, or the colour of the skin and hair, to intelligence and energy (provided there is any such correlation)? Or on the mental changes caused by too much or too little secretion of the ductless glands?

How Can We Really Know Ourselves?

Which way will lead us to real knowledge? None in particular, but all taken together. We must not allow ourselves to be blinded by any one particular theory, though it sounds ever so plausible. We must be sceptical enough to reject any theory as the final solution of any problem, but never so sceptical as not to remain open-minded to any novel suggestion.

It is the good and the bad fortune of the expert psychologist to insist in an orthodox way on his own individual point of view; it is his strength and his weakness at the same time; it is his contribution to science that he discovers new things, and shows us how to notice them; but it is also his unavoidable fate to be one-sided, partial and prejudiced. And it is the good fortune of the intelligent man in the street to be the contemporary of so many prejudiced geniuses. Ignorant as he needs must be if compared with any one of them, he may become wiser if he gratefully acknowledges the best each of them has to offer, and then discriminately weighs their gifts, one against the other.

In the following articles we shall try to show how far our knowledge of those forces which shape character and personality has progressed; how much still remains enigmatic; how much more we may hope to understand one day; how the scientists approach the various problems of personality; and how they practically apply their present knowledge in the normal and abnormal psychology of man.

The Exhibition of Commercial Design which Lund Humphries are holding at their studio at 12 Bedford Square, W.C.1, aims at drawing attention to a new kind of facility which Lund Humphries are offering to those who require expert advice and service in the typographical and artistic fields. A group of eight artists and designers—Edward Bawden, Rex Whistler, T. Lee Elliott, R. Evan Sutton, Stella Steyn, Francis Marshall, Bernard King and Peter Morgan—show specimens of their work at this Exhibition, and become available to supply their services through this studio. The chief concern of these eight artists is 'the elucidation of the *purpose* of the problems they undertake, the elimination of all that is superfluous, cumbersome and irrelevant'. Freshness of viewpoint and an individual approach to each particular problem are the features of their work upon which they lay particular stress; and the examples which we reproduce on page 151 show that the claim is reasonably substantiated. The kind of work undertaken at the studio includes advertisement design and layout and typographical layout.

Growing Wings

First Flight

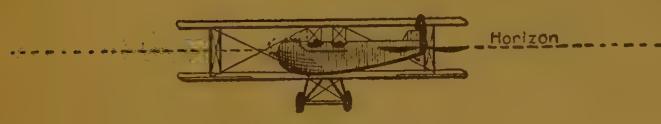
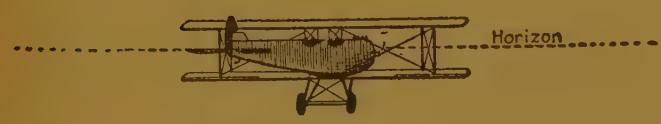
By FILSON YOUNG

THE first great thrill is over; I have had my first flying lesson. More than that, I have actually flown an aeroplane myself, and although I feel even now slightly out of breath and want to tell you all about it, I find it very difficult, because it all seemed so simple.

I got to Heston, of course, far too soon, and watched other



I Rudder Central.

II. Left Rudder on.
Nose slews to left.III. Right rudder on.
Nose slews to right.

The effect of the controls: Rudder—

pupils and pilots making landings for half-an-hour before my turn came. I was fitted with a helmet, goggles and headphones, and before going up I was given a rather ominous document to sign in which I was asked to state the name and address of my next-of-kin. I had expected something in the nature of a preliminary lecture, an outline or demonstration of what was sup-

posed to be done before actually going up. The preliminaries, however, were all too short. Captain Baker took me to a model showing the theoretical working of the controls, which I already knew, and then we walked out on the ground up to the machine. I had to be taught like a baby how even to climb into the machine. Modern two-seater aeroplanes are not built so as to allow of much freedom of movement, even for slightly built people. When I was finally hoisted and pushed into the rear cockpit there was, alas! a difficulty about making the safety belt meet. My instructor made me comfortable, showed me how to hold the control-column, or stick, lightly in my right hand, how to manipulate the rudder-bar with my feet, and the throttle with my left hand. He showed me the various instruments on the dashboard—very much like those on a motor-car—but very casually. I thought it strange at first that he did not spend a little more time on such matters as the air-speed indicator, the engine revolution-counter and the altimeter.

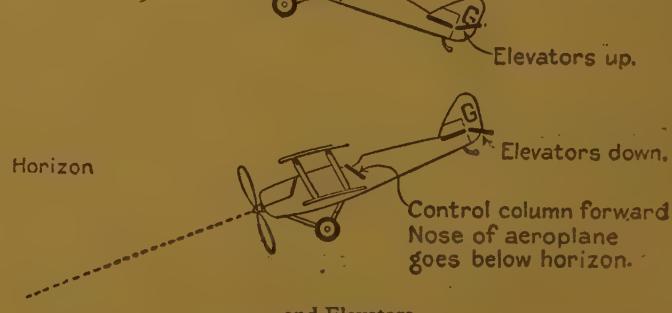
Captain Baker saw that my goggles fitted comfortably, tested my earphones, got into the front cockpit, and the engine roared into life. He asked me through the earphones if I was all right;

Control column central.
Aeroplane flying level.

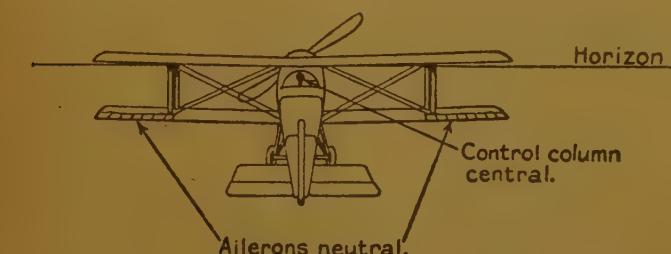
Elevators neutral.

Control column back.
Nose of aeroplane
rises above horizon.

Elevators up.

Control column forward
Nose of aeroplane
goes below horizon.

—and Elevators



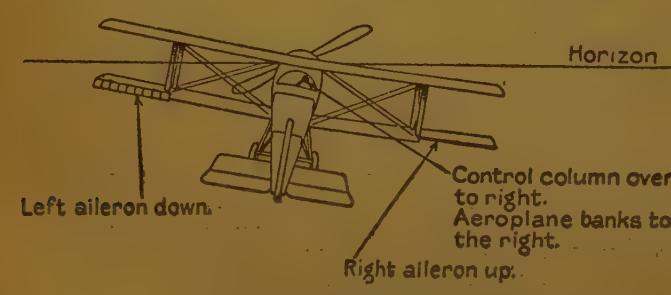
Control column central.

Ailerons neutral.

Control column over
to left.
Aeroplane banks to
the left.

Left aileron up.

Right aileron down.

Control column over
to right.
Aeroplane banks to
the right.

—Ailerons—

Illustrations on this page from 'Learning to Fly',
by Frank A. Swoffer (Sir Isaac Pitman).

and then to the sound of the buzzing engine we began to bump over the ground to the leeward side of the aerodrome. The great moment had come, and I was thrilling with anticipation. The permissive flash came from the control tower—the flash which every machine must receive before it is allowed to leave the ground—and I felt the throttle on which my left hand was resting pushed forward. The buzz of the engine rose to a roar and we began to motor rapidly across the aerodrome. Suddenly, without any apparent upward motion, there was a cessation of the bumping movement. The machine was air borne; we were flying. All that, of course, was familiar; but as we climbed steadily in a straight line and the earth fell away beneath us, the machine seemed to get larger and larger and everything else smaller and smaller. I was about to settle down to a really appreciative study of the county of Middlesex as seen from the air when the voice in the earphones spoke to me. I answered back into a mouthpiece before me, but my own words were inaudible to myself. The roar of the air and the machine enclosed us into a kind of silence which could be pierced only by means of the earphones. My instructor now explained that all flying is governed by the relation of the nose of the machine and the horizon. With nose on the horizon the machine is flying level. Nose above horizon, machine

climbing. Nose below horizon, machine diving. Then he proceeded to demonstrate the use of the controls; how the rudder deflects the nose right and left; how pushing the stick forward puts the nose down below the horizon, and pulling it back puts the nose up; how stick to left or right puts the corresponding wing down. Having done this and made me repeat the movements, to my astonishment and dismay Captain Baker said, 'Now take her over yourself and fly straight on the horizon. Have you got her?'

I felt inclined modestly to refuse the offer, but the voice was brisk and commanding: 'Keep her level on the horizon—the struts at right angles and the nose dead on it'. I began gingerly to test the rudder and on the slightest touch of either foot the nose swung responsively round to either side. Here, at any rate, I was on familiar ground. This machine had a rudder, and I know how to use a rudder. The effect of the rudder-bar in an aeroplane is exactly that of a boat steered with yoke lines. I was told to steer first slightly to the right, then to the left, then to steer on a straight course. I did this without difficulty—at the same time, to my surprise, making little movements of the stick which prevented the nose rising or falling. Presently I saw the two hands of my instructor in the air clapping. Words of praise sounded in my ears. I felt that flying was easy. I soon began of my own accord to alter the direction a little, put the nose a little up or a little down to lose height and to gain it. All the time I was getting what is called the 'feel' of the controls and finding out how little movement they require to keep everything straight and level.

Oh, yes, flying was easy. I was just about to begin to enjoy it thoroughly when a brief word on the 'phones told me that I was now to turn and bank the machine to the left. I pressed the left rudder and at the same time put the stick over to the left. Immediately my sense of stability and equilibrium was assailed with a majestic but rather sickening swing. The left wing sank and the right wing rose in the sky. The nose, after a curiously contradictory little movement to the right, began to bore round the horizon to the left and a new part of Middlesex began to revolve slowly beneath us. 'Stick central, steady; don't let her nose down; don't—let—her—nose—down. Stick central and back a little—back—central. That's fine.'

Yes, but I had had a bit of a shock all the same. You must remember that although you are flying through the air at something like a hundred miles an hour the aeroplane itself does not seem to be moving when it is on a straight line. There is little sense of movement of any kind, and even the map of the world spread out below you seems still. But as you bank and turn, the machine seems to come to a kind of life as it sinks inwards on the bank. You realise that you are in thin air, and not on anything solid; and the earth below you begins to spin slowly round in a kind of solemn dance. It is a solemn moment when the machine ceases to function merely like a motor-car or a boat, but begins to behave like a bird—and I realised at once how little I knew about birds or flight. The voice had to tell me what I had to do if I was to maintain the present position. While I was busy thinking about the bank I was forgetting about the nose, and found that I was losing

height too fast. When (under orders) I had attended to that, I found that something else was happening, that the bank was becoming too steep and that I was aware of a tendency to fall out of the machine to the left. This would never do. I was aware of consciously holding back, pressing my body to the right against the gravity of the bank. Deliberately I forced myself to lean inwards instead of outwards and I let myself go with the machine. The relief was immediate. I was not going to fall out. We did several right and left turns with bank, and then the gliding turn with the engine shut off was demonstrated. When I had done the gliding turns both ways as well as turns with the engine, my instructor threw up his hands and said, 'Well, that's flying—that's all there is to it'. I had a strong inward conviction that there was a great deal more to it than that.

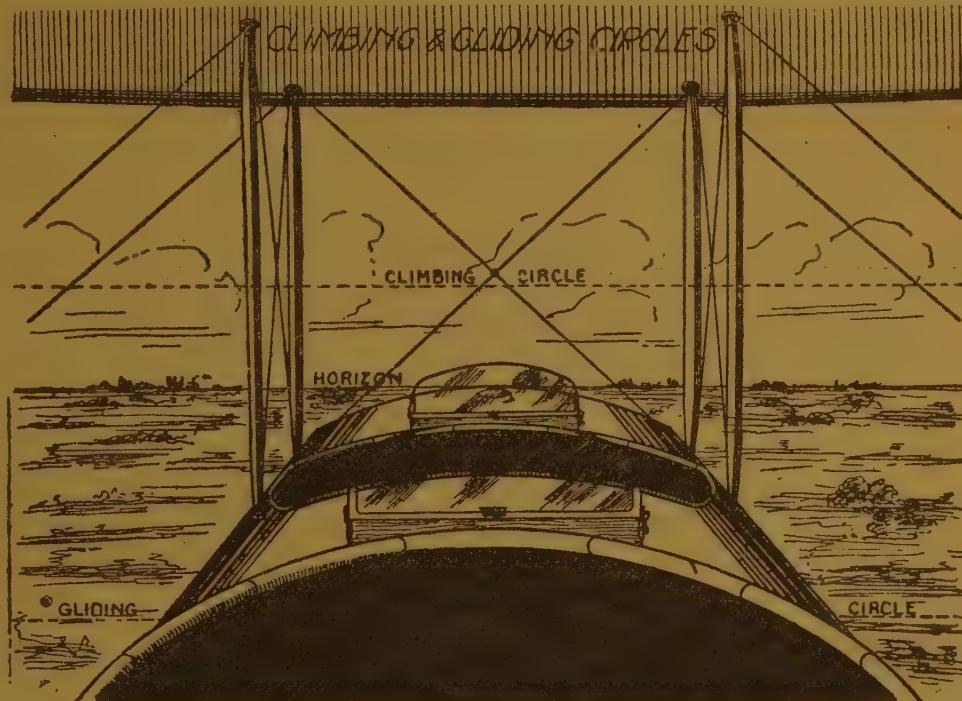
Even Captain Baker cannot give me confidence—I must find that for myself. What he can do, and does, is to show confidence in his pupil—even if he does not feel it. I had only to think what it would be like if he himself suddenly grew wings and flew off out of the front cockpit to realise my true situation—in

the air, perched on the back of a machine which was far from being entirely under my control. The machine would do what I told it to do—nothing could be more exquisitely sensitive to its controls than a light aeroplane; but I began to feel that it had a will of its own, some profound obedience to greater and more eternal laws than the law of my will. I could make it do things; but whenever I made it do anything it displayed a tendency to do something

additional of its own accord; and whenever I moved it out of the plane of stability, I set going a series of consequences of which I could by no means see the ultimate effect. That meant that I had to check the aeroplane and correct it; and this I confess I did with diffidence and trepidation. I felt the machine knew more than I did. In these quite gentle but determined resistances to my correcting movements, it displayed a will of its own; and the art of flying is obviously to learn how to master that will, and to know the temper of the machine—what will please it and what will irritate it.

Presently the voice in my ear spoke again, 'Very good. Now do what you like and go where you please. I don't care a hoot where you go'. Captain Baker must have known very well what was in my mind, and that the last thing I was likely to do was to make any dangerous experiments. What I did was to straighten out the machine, level up, head it direct for that old gasometer on the horizon that had been revolving round me all the time and attempt to recapture the pretence that it was a motor-car or a ship, and not a bird or a horse. I did this for some time until I became a little ashamed of flying so far away from the aerodrome, and put on a slow banking turn and circled in a homeward direction. There was another word of approval through the 'phones.

Then something seemed suddenly to give way in me. I suddenly felt very tired. I felt that I wanted to stop and get out and think about what I had been doing. So I said to Captain Baker through the 'phones, 'Will you take her, please?' And so he took her down on a beautiful glide. My first flight was over.



From R.A.F. Flying Training Manual, Part I (By permission of the Controller, H.M. Stationery Office)

Science Notes

What Lies Behind Clairvoyance?

CLAIRVOYANCE is not a subject which scientists tumble over one another to investigate. Its French name, its uncanniness, its association with mediums, its being a rare gift, not one which is common property, the exaggeration or lying which is believed to accompany much that is written about it—all these, rightly or wrongly, have tended to keep experimenters away from it. Telepathy, by contrast, is in much better case. Its need of two people for its accomplishment makes the gift seem less egotistic, and so more worthy of discussion; the fact that much of its phenomena is explicable—though often fancifully—by a conscious or unconscious code, or by that blessed term hyperesthesia, has dispelled much of the mystery against which disbelief is in some people a natural reaction. Yet the striking thing about these two subjects is not their truth or error, or the theories which explain them or explain them away, but the simple fact that they never seem to progress. Telepathy, for example, was definitely established in the 'eighties of last century; there is not the shadow of a doubt as to the *bona fides* of the recorded experiences. Yet we never seem to get forrader. When anyone experiments he always starts from scratch. If the results are negative, as they have been in recent large-scale broadcast experiments, doubt about the whole matter sets in, and the subject is dropped with a snort. If the results are positive the subject does not get developed. The people with the gift seem soon to lose it or become bored by it. After some discussion of their results the excitement occasioned dies away. A few years later someone else tries, and again starts at the beginning. And the sequence of events is repeated.

A year ago some remarkable experiments in telepathy initiated by the *Scientific American* were discussed in these pages. Now comes from the psychology department of Duke University in Durham, North Carolina, an account* of a very large number of carefully organised, witnessed and controlled experiments with cards, both in telepathy and clairvoyance, involving more than a dozen gifted experimenters and extending over three years. The work has been set afoot by Professor J. B. Rhine and is generally vouched for by the head of the department, Professor William McDougall, F.R.S., formerly of Cambridge, Oxford and Harvard Universities. Dr. Rhine has produced a most interesting and probably a very important book. He has shown a wise suspense in forming his opinions on these difficult subjects and a wise reserve in expressing them. One can read it without any of that spooky feeling which many 'psychic' books inspire.

Dr. Rhine's first task was to find reliable people in Duke University to help him in his work. He had to discover students who could consistently do better in simple guessing tests than chance warranted. A very large number of people were tested before a few gifted and trustworthy individuals were discovered. These few had always to be handled tactfully and kept in good form. (One of the many interesting things which emerges from this work is that the best results were obtained when the experimenters were happy, pleased with life, and socially at their ease.) Dr. Rhine realised from the first that the establishment of clairvoyance is more important than that of telepathy. He realised also that in the many excellent experiments done in the past the distinction between telepathy and clairvoyance had not been kept in mind. Thus, in the stock experiment in which the agent looks at a card and concentrates on what he sees, and the percipient calls out the answer, it is possible that the looking at the card and the concentration are unnecessary—that the percipient could do just as well, or as badly, without the agent at all. It is remarkable that this distinction has never been made before, especially as some workers—Hans Driesch, for instance—think that telepathy and clairvoyance are fundamentally different.

In the ordinary clairvoyant experiments a shuffled and cut pack of 25 cards was placed face down before the percipient. The pack always consisted of 5 sets, each of 5 different simple designs: a rectangle, a plus sign, a star, etc. The percipient called the top card, the call was recorded and the card removed but not seen. When the whole 25 had been called the guesses

were checked. In the special clairvoyant experiments the shuffled and cut pack was not touched. The percipient simply called out what the first one was, what the second was, what the third, and so on till the whole 25 were named. Not till then were the guesses checked. In the pure telepathy experiment there were no cards. An agent in one room mentally visualised one of the five cards, tapped an electric key when ready, and the percipient in another room called to a third person what the guess was. This list was then collated with the agent's. There were modifications of these main procedures which cannot be detailed here. Some of the experiments were done with agent and percipient, or cards and percipient widely separated. The effects on the percipient of fatigue, disinclination to work, and drugs were investigated. All conceivable precautions were taken to prevent perception by hyperesthesia of the known senses.

It was first established that chance, as mathematically calculated, was practically indistinguishable from that found in the real world of cards and random guessers. The mathematical chance of guessing the right one of 5 different cards is, of course, 1 in 5, or 20 per cent. Dr. Rhine himself in 5,000 trials guessed 990 cards correctly, the separate numbers for the individual thousands being 209, 201, 199, 193, 188. These numbers are all within the probability deviations from 20 per cent. One of his students, however, succeeded in doing the following: pure telepathy: 950 trials, hits (i.e. correct guesses) 28.4 per cent. (chance, 20 per cent.); ordinary clairvoyance: 8,075 trials, hits 36.4 per cent.; special clairvoyance: 1,625 trials, hits 29.6 per cent. Another student did the following: ordinary clairvoyance: 240 trials, hits 39.5 per cent.; old-type telepathy: 360 trials, hits 39.7 per cent. The amalgamated results of five other students were: pure telepathy, 3,937 trials, hits 38.4 per cent.; ordinary clairvoyance, 7,925 trials, hits 35.6 per cent.; special clairvoyance (that is, guessing right through the pack without its being touched) 6,125 trials, hits 28.4 per cent. In all this work the chance answer is 20 per cent.

These results show that if they are due to telepathy and clairvoyance these methods of perception are still very imperfect. They are, however, quite inexplicable by chance. The odds against the very worst of the results above being due to chance can be evaluated as more than a million to one; against some of the better results the odds reach astronomical figures. It might be thought that if an experimenter could clairvoyantly guess right he could at will guess wrong. This had also occurred to Dr. Rhine. One of the men when making consistently 40 per cent. of hits (a truly remarkable thing to do) was asked to establish a low record. He obliged with a consistent score of only 8 per cent. of hits. Asked to return to high record he reached 40 per cent. again. Asked to go back to low he descended a second time to about 8 per cent. If there is no catch here clairvoyancy is established as it has never been established before; but only, of course, for extremely simple objects or ideas.

The experiments in which distance, fatigue, interruption, stimulants and drugs might prove disturbing factors are very interesting, though they cannot be described here. The experiments did conclusively establish, however, the great similarity of clairvoyance and telepathy. The percipients good at one were good at the other. Factors which lowered their capacity in one lowered to very similar degree their capacity in the other. The phenomena are probably closely allied. This is a new result.

In the third part of the book all the results, good and bad, are ably discussed. Chance, incompetency, a university ramp, codes, hyperesthesia, and rational inference as explanations of the phenomenon obtained, are reviewed and dismissed in turn. Physics certainly, and physiology very probably, seem to have nothing to do with it. It does not seem to be sensory at all. Dr. Rhine calls it extra-sensory perception; perception, that is, without the function of the recognised senses. But he has no doubt it is all perfectly natural. Experimental work is still in progress. Some admirable suggestions towards further work conclude this interesting book.

A. S. RUSSELL

Modern Commercial Design

A selection from the Exhibition of Commercial Art now being held at Messrs. Lund Humphries, 12, Bedford Square, W.C.1.
See note on page 147



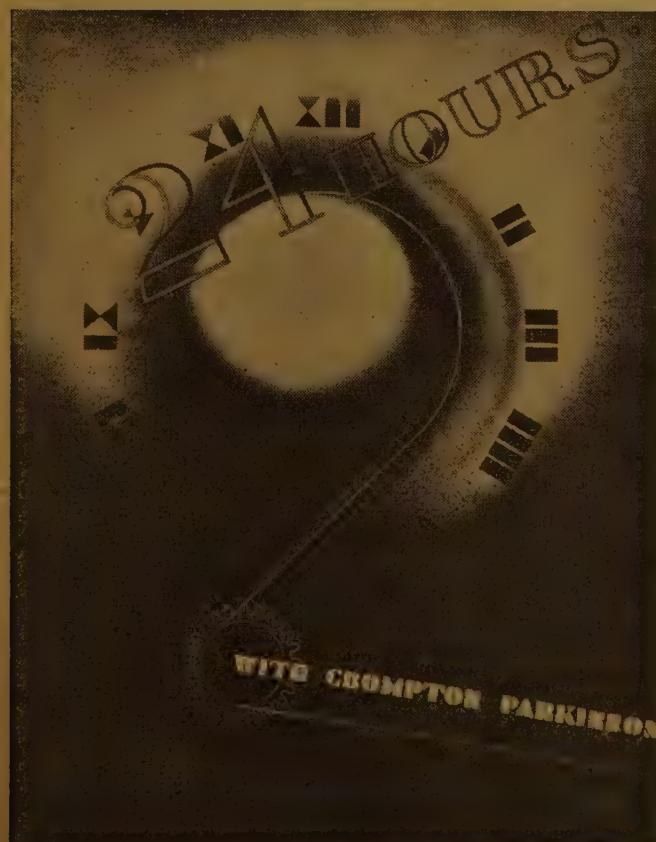
New Air Mail label by T. Lee Elliott



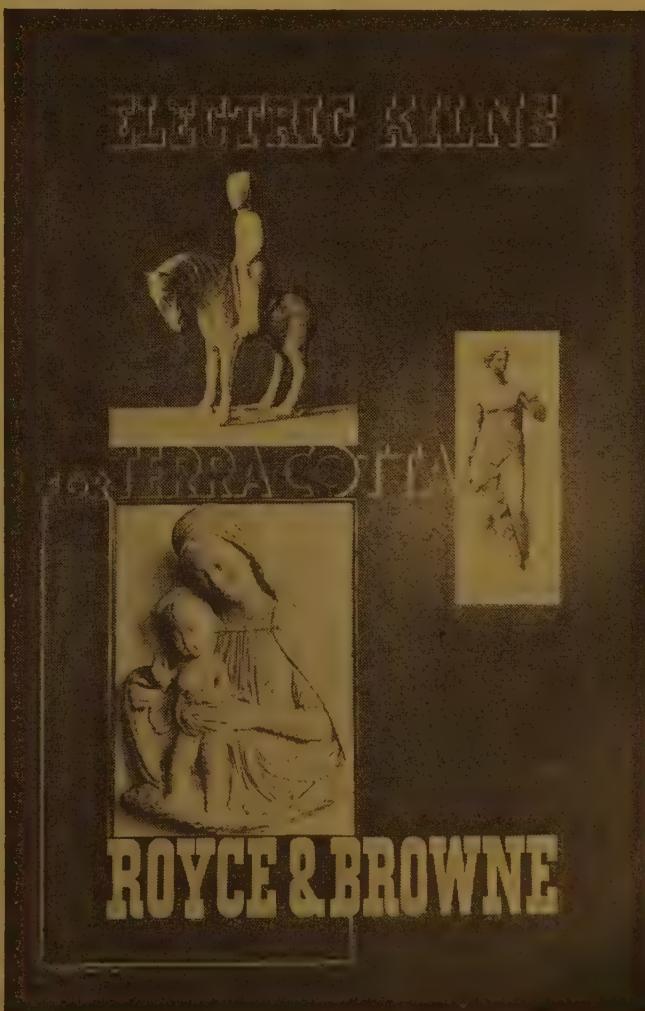
Illustration for a cookery book by Edward Bawden



Label for potted-meat jars by T. Lee Elliott



Advertisement by R. Fran Sutton



Colour poster designed in Messrs. Lund Humphries' studios



The new terrace at Port Lympne

Six English Gardens

I—Port Lympne: A Late Summer Garden

By RUSSELL PAGE

We have asked Mr. Page to visit and describe, and Mr. Ward to photograph, six of the gardens which are open to the public during the present summer for the benefit of the Queen's Institute of District Nursing

PORT LYMPNE, five miles from Hythe, lies on a steep slope just where the South Downs fall away to Romney Marsh and the Channel. No gardens in England have a more beautiful setting than the long levels of the marsh which, always fascinating, are never so lovely as when seen from the terrace at Port Lympne late on a summer afternoon. Spread below like a map they are bathed in that soft yellow light one finds only on certain watercolours by Turner and the pictures of Claude Lorraine.

A sharply sloping site demanded terraces, and the owner with informed taste has combined a formal lay-out in the grand manner of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries with such masses of colour as only the twentieth knows. In many ways it can be compared with the great formal works of Nesfield and Barry and Paxton in the first half of the last century. They too designed in the classical tradition, and they too realised that, in this country, only the most opulent colour could save such formal gardening from dryness and rigidity. Right in principle but hampered by lack of plant material, their gardens, though lovely on a big scale, were responsible for the wave of carpet-bedding which endured until the publication of Mr. Robinson's *English Flower Garden*.

The house, built just before the War, lies below the brow of the hill and is approached by a drive winding between great drifts of shrubs chosen and planted to link the extreme sophistication of the garden to the pleasant bareness of the surrounding landscape. Here are wide brakes of the sea-buckthorn (*hippophae rhamnoides*), lovely in August with great clusters of biting

orange berries among its steel-grey foliage, the tender pink plumes of tamarisk (*tamarix aestivalis*), cotoneasters, berberis, the late flowering yellow broom (*spartium junceum*), and everywhere wide spreading mats of the low-growing juniper (*juniperus sabina tamariscifolia*) whose horizontally branched fans of a rather glaucous green give weight and form to the whole planting.

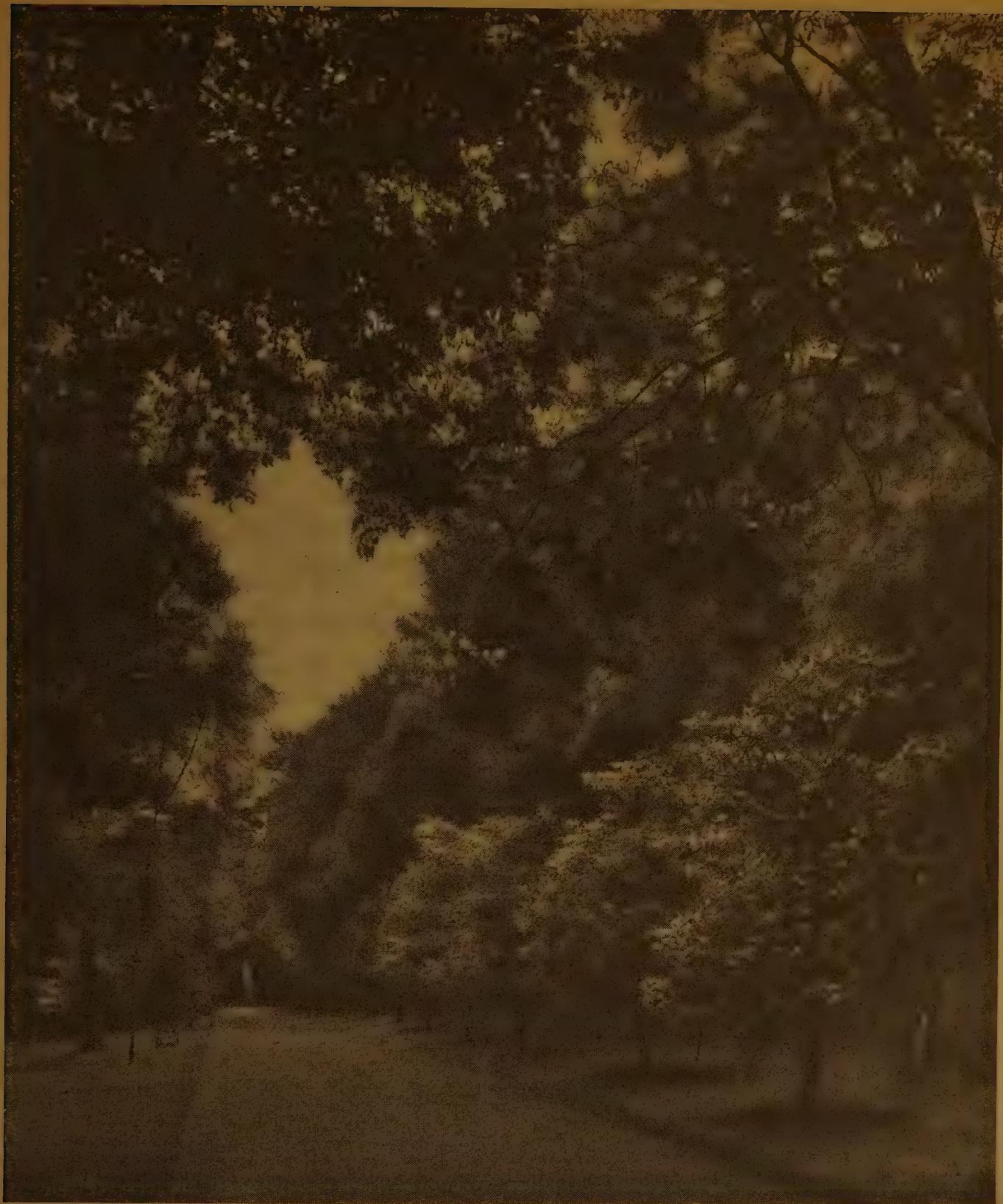
The garden itself is divided and related by magnificent hedges of the fast-growing *cupressus macrocarpa*. The oldest planted scarcely twelve years ago, these eight-foot ramparts of vivid green are used in every conceivable way. Though largely acting as foils for the brilliance of flowers, they are almost loveliest in conjunction with grass or stone work. In one place a wide flight of stone steps leading to the kitchen garden high behind the house is flanked by wall after wall of green suggesting some strange sylvan fort. These same steps, like those of the Orangerie at Versailles, rise sheer against the sky. This is one of the most beautiful, and possibly also one of the most expensive, ways of completing a vista in a hillside garden.

At Lympne, one looks from them to a wide grass path between herbaceous borders leading down through a wood to the levels below. The borders are of impressive width and look like



Chequer-board garden

two great bands of prismatic colour-waves tumbling from their background of clipped cypress into a foam of flowers against the grass walk. Like the rest of the garden they are planted to flower only in the months of August and September. To a limitation so helpful has been added a very carefully considered colour scheme. Each border has a definite colour



Magnolia avenue, with statue of George II at the end of the vista

Photographs taken for THE LISTENER by Edgar Ward

sequence; annuals and perennials in one colour at a time are planted in wide drifts so that a long block of pink is followed by yellow, then mauve, then purple, whilst in the border opposite pink is followed by blue then pink again. The general scheme is one of soft colours intensifying into brilliant reds, oranges and purples, then paling again into creams and yellows.

In most herbaceous borders great trouble is taken to blend or contrast a single clump of one plant with a single clump of another, with the result that a border of any size and width becomes a confused muddle of small patches of colour effective in themselves but hopeless seen as a whole; here, with a real understanding of scale, colour is used pure and in large stretches at a time. This does not make for dullness as one

might suppose, since variations in the tones and textures of a wide variety of plants of approximately the same colour make a closer inspection doubly enchanting.

Not less fascinating is a square garden on the western side of the house where a square pool in a lawn is surrounded by borders entirely of creamy yellow, sharply accented by orange and white. Snapdragons, dahlias, anthemis, zinnias, marigolds, and tiger-lilies, a mixed company united by colour, make a brilliant foreground for a walk cut through a wood, terminating in a huge contemporary stone statue of George II.

Once again, creative imagination has turned an already charming vista into something almost magical: a double row of standard *magnolia grandiflora* guards the path. Over twenty feet high and perfectly pyramidal in shape, they were



The herbaceous borders

Photograph taken for THE LISTENER by Edgar Ward

brought from the lower valley of the Loire to add to Lympne the splendour of their shining leaves and creamy flowers. The clear mauve of colchicums planted at their feet is another of those charming overtones which make this garden so vivid and so satisfying.

To the south of the house is a wide terrace embraced and sheltered by loggias curving outwards from the house. In the paving are sunk beds of box and cotton lavender clipped at ground level to look like living rugs of green and grey. A double flight of steps leads to a lawn where is a bathing pool flanked by pleached alleys of clipped Cornish elm. Italian cypresses and a single jet of water frame and accent the flat plains of the distant view.

Below again are narrow terraces planted with grape vines and standard fig-trees reminiscent of a Mediterranean hill-side, and on a still lower level are the tennis courts. Another smaller garden is a bright chequer-board of begonias and heliotrope, another is banded with bright regiments of orange and yellow mignon dahlias, whilst in a third a sundial is the focus for radiating beds of purple and coral-coloured phlox. Though all the gardens are well defined and separate they are so co-ordinated that one's only shocks are those of pleasure.

Three new terraces have just been made below the magnolia walk. On a simpler and larger scale they emphasise the general feeling of breadth and simplicity. Three great walls of local stone support three grass levels. Only the top one supports a balustrade which links the scheme to the more formal gardens. Below each wall is a wide border planted in definite schemes of pink and white, blue and white and yellow and white. From the top terrace no colours mar the lovely view, whilst from below tiers of flowers are seen ranged against the rough stone walls.

Here at Lympne Sir Philip Sassoon has suggested a possible

future development for the English garden. The architectural quality of the house is carried out into the garden by simple but planned forms, the planting done with vigour and freedom to link the countryside to the house, and colour, almost a prerogative of English gardens, chosen with restraint but used with fine and exceptional vigour. Although most of us have to plan our gardens for the whole year and on a smaller scale than the garden scene at Lympne which is set for only two months, there are here several important principles which can be adapted for any garden.

One or more vistas from the house are indispensable—the smaller they are the more simple they need to be kept. If you have room to arrange one in terms of grass, trees and possibly water, but no flowers, you will have one scene that will be satisfying the whole year round. Have as many small enclosures or features as you like, provided that they are arranged in a definite sequence and not scattered haphazard and all over the place. The use of one colour at a time makes it much easier to arrive at a more brilliant and lasting effect. It is paradoxical but true to say that the more you mix up colours the less vivid will be your effect. Jumbles of colour may be fun to look at in other people's gardens but they are uncomfortable to live with and very difficult to keep going.

Lastly, an analysis of Port Lympne will show you that for all its luxuriance and seeming complexity the plan is very simple indeed. When you design your garden stick to very simple forms which will make a fine sturdy backbone. Your planting will soften hard edges and you will still feel the underlying form and strength*.

The garden at Port Lympne is open to the public on July 25, August 1, 15, 29, September 12, 26, and October 3.

*The photographs, being taken in July, cannot show the full splendour of the borders designed to be at their best in August and September.

Pillars of the English Church—XIII

Charles Simeon

By Prebendary H. F. B. MACKAY

The last section of this series is devoted to Parish Priests; and in his other talks Prebendary Mackay will deal with Robert Dolling, Walter Hook and George Howard Wilkinson.

OUR concern here is with Charles Simeon who converted multitudes to Christian holiness by his own intense Christian goodness, which was the result of his entire acceptance of, and faithfulness to, the Gospel. This is not a story of any other adventure. It all happened at Cambridge. Charles was the son of Mr. Richard Simeon and his wife Elizabeth, whose family gave two Matthew Huttons to be Archbishops of York. He was born in 1759. At nine, he went into College at Eton. At nineteen, he went up with a scholarship to King's College, Cambridge. He proceeded in course of time to a Fellowship, and at King's he remained all his life. In 1782 he was ordained Deacon and in 1783, Priest. While still a Deacon, at his own request, made through his father, Bishop Yorke of Ely made him Incumbent of Holy Trinity, Cambridge. Here, and in various posts at King's, he worked for fifty-four years. He died in his rooms at King's in 1836 and was buried in the Chapel.

His life lasted from the end of George II's reign to near the beginning of Queen Victoria's. It was a period of great changes but Simeon was very little sensitive to them. Highly intelligent and observant, he was entirely concentrated on the work of the Christian Ministry. It seems to have been a cold home, a highly respected father, a mother of whom no memories survive, and three worthy, but unresponsive brothers. As a boy, Charles was agile and muscular. We hear of boyish pranks at Eton; he could snuff a candle out with his feet and jump over half-a-dozen chairs in succession. He soon became a good horseman, and like Bishop King of Lincoln remained a good judge of a horse.

In 1776 there was a fast day at Eton for the American war. It consisted in abstaining from meat and amusement until after a mid-day celebration. Charles, who decided that nobody could offend God as much as he did, spent the day in fasting and prayer so publicly as to draw upon him the derision of all his circle. For a time, he says, this dissipated all his good desires, but a schoolfellow remembers that he began privately to keep an alms-box into which he slipped fines when he felt he had done wrong.

His own particular vices at school appear to have been bad temper and extravagance. But the school morals were bad and in later years he said he would rather put a son of his to death before letting him see the vice he had seen at Eton. He went up to King's with a classical scholarship in January, 1779. Both work and morals were then at a low ebb in Cambridge. There were good Christians in Cambridge but there was no social life among them.

Then comes the well-known story of Charles Simeon's conversion. It was in his freshman days; he was very busy and enormously interested in arranging his rooms. One day he found a notice on his table, sent by the Provost. It said that on a certain Sunday there would be a celebration in the College Chapel at which every undergraduate would be required to receive Holy Communion. Simeon had never heard of the rule and he felt he must prepare. He bought William

Law's *Whole Duty of Man* and Bishop Wilson on *The Lord's Supper* and plunged into them. With reading, fasting and prayer, he made himself ill for three weeks. In Holy Week he began to have hope, on Maundy Thursday, he says that he laid his sins on the Sacred Head of Our Lord; on Good Friday and Holy Saturday, hope and peace increased; on Easter morning he awoke with the exultant cry 'Jesus Christ is risen today, Alleluia, Alleluia'. Christian had lost his burden at the foot of the Cross. As a small boy once said to me, 'You see he had got attached'. He began at once to be a good influence among his friends. He collected his bed-maker and a few of her friends round him on Sunday evenings. He read a good book to them and said some of the Church Prayers.

The First Long Vacation was a time of difficulty; he had not conquered his hot temper. He returned home converted, but magnificently dressed. He did not propose family prayers to his father but he did to the servants and they consented. He now had to conquer his vice of extravagance. For three years he lived at Cambridge a solitary life, nobody cared for him, he was thought an eccentric; his diary at this point was like Hurrell Froude's. He got rid of all extravagance and practised a strict economy. Like Froude, he found concentration in prayer his great difficulty. Bishop Yorke of Ely ordained him Deacon before he was twenty-three, on May 20, 1782. He obtained an honorary curacy at St. Edward's Church and his Incumbent immediately took a long holiday. He had the happiness of getting to know Henry Venn at this time. It was the beginning of Christian fellowship for him. After he had been substitute for the Vicar for seventeen Sundays, Simeon had filled the church with listeners, a thing which had not happened for a hundred years,

and the Vicar on his return was met by his clerk with the glad words, 'Oh, I am so glad you're back, Sir; now we shall have room again!' Simeon had found that he could preach and he passionately wished to preach the Gospel at Trinity Church in the centre of Cambridge. He used to say to himself, 'How I should rejoice if God would give me that church that I might preach the Gospel to Cambridge there'. The Incumbent died and Charles asked his father to ask the Bishop to appoint him. The Bishop agreed, though Simeon was only a Deacon who had been ordained under age. There was a lectureship attached to the church which the curate held, and the parishioners had determined to have him as Vicar. They displeased the Bishop, who appointed Simeon on November 9, 1782. The day after, he preached his first sermon. This was the beginning of a mighty row. The parishioners appointed their friend Mr. Hammond as lecturer. He preached for five years every Sunday afternoon and after him another equally independent clergyman for seven. Simeon did not obtain the afternoon pulpit for twelve years. In the morning, he had the use of the pulpit but hardly of the church. The pews had locks and they were almost all locked and empty. Only the aisles were left for the crowds that began to collect. Simeon had forms put into the aisles and fitted seats into



A contemporary drawing of Charles Simeon
By courtesy of the Dean of King's College, Cambridge

niches, but the churchwardens threw them all into the church-yard. Simeon turned to the Bible—‘the servant of the Lord must not strive’. ‘It is painful’, he said, ‘to see the church almost forsaken except in the aisles, but I saw that the only remedy was faith and patience. I wished to suffer rather than to act’.

His besetting sin was still a hasty temper and occasionally a sharp tongue. God gradually cured them by this strict discipline. Meanwhile, Simeon was growing in importance in Cambridge, holding a series of posts in King’s, while his parochial troubles increased.

After long waiting, he began a Sunday evening service with an extempore sermon. Crowds assembled, but the churchwardens locked the church, removed the keys and left the people standing in the street. This went on for ten years; Simeon got a legal opinion against this action and also against the locking of the pew doors. But he never put it into force; he decided to suffer patiently.

He was an admirable preacher—thoughtful and clear, with an easy natural delivery. He had the prophetic gift and people were obliged to listen to him. I imagine him to have been like Spurgeon, with a greater refinement than Spurgeon. His opponents now asserted that this excellent preacher was secretly a very bad man. This attracted the attention of the undergraduates who began to attend the locked church and take sides. Without doubt, it was Simeon’s serene submission to this trial which won him his great influence. His parishioners began to be influenced. He hired a big room where he could talk to them. Simeon always said that his aims were to humble the sinner, to exalt the Saviour and to promote holiness.

At first it was a great amusement to go to Holy Trinity and make a disturbance. Men with wands were stationed to keep order and Simeon himself used to go down to the West End and prevent the undergraduates from molesting the congregation. Disgraceful tumults arose and Simeon narrowly escaped being assaulted. The Seniors were greatly disgusted that a Fellow of Kings should create such scandals and for a time they sent him to Coventry and would not speak to this disturber of the public peace. One day, with a feeling of despair, he opened his Bible and his eyes fell upon the words, ‘They laid hold of one Simon and on him they laid the Cross. . . .’

‘Then’, said Simeon, ‘lay it on me, Lord, and I will bear it for Thy sake to the end of my life’.

That is the story of Charles Simeon; men came to see Our Lord in him and gradually they turned to him on all sides—gradually he was accorded the greatest reverence and his influence spread throughout all the world. He was devoted to the Church and to the Prayer Book. Bishop Wilson of Calcutta said of him, ‘He neither verged towards the error of overmagnifying the ecclesiastical polity nor towards the opposite extreme of undervaluing the sacraments or the authority of our Apostolical Episcopacy’. He had much to do with the development of Christianity in India and helped with the founding of the Church Missionary Society, which aims at work beyond our Colonies. He gradually gathered a group of ardent followers, many of whom became chaplains in India. At Cambridge his personal work grew enormously. Mr. Short-house has described his conversation parties in *Sir Percival*—the beautiful rooms with seventy or eighty young men filling them. Care was taken that everyone should be comfortably placed. Tea was served by the College servants. There were no draughts in the window seats. Simeon had tested them with a candle. He himself greeted each arrival with charming urbanity and bonhomie. His naturally perfect manners were always a great help to his work. After a while Simeon took his seat on a high stool with neither back nor arms, folded his hands on his knee and began to talk.

Years passed and amid these serene surroundings life began to close for him. A doorway gave access from his rooms to a hidden path on the roof of the College. He made the path his oratory, and here unseen by men he spent long hours in prayer. At length the closing days came. He was very happy, and when the last hopes were gone, and he was lying quiet, a friend asked him what he was thinking of. ‘I don’t think now’, he said, ‘I am enjoying’. When they thought the end had come, he opened his eyes and said, ‘You wish to see a death-bed scene. I abhor them. I wish to be alone with my God, the lowest of the low’. His last word was an ‘Amen’ to the Aaronic Benediction. They buried him in the Chapel of the College. At the funeral the Vice-Chancellor headed 1500 members of the University around his grave.

Help the Herring Fisher!

A Discussion between GEORGE HALL and BAILLIE ADAM BROWN

A discussion recently broadcast from Aberdeen in the Scottish Regional and North Regional programmes. Baillie Adam Brown is Vice-Chairman of the Scottish Herring Producers’ Association and George Hall is head of a large herring exporting firm, ex-Chairman of the Aberdeen Chamber of Commerce, and Chairman of the Russian Sales Committee of the British Herring Trade Association and the Scottish Herring Producers’ Association

GEORGE HALL: The present parlous state of the herring industry is entirely due to the international economic disorganisation of 1931 which resulted in a general slump in prices. Since then the situation has become steadily worse so far as the herring industry is concerned, until at the present moment the turnover in that industry is considerably smaller than it was in 1929.

BAILLIE ADAM BROWN: Aren’t you putting it too mildly? I would say that it is at most only 40 per cent of what it was at that date.

HALL: I quite agree: and to put it in another way, during the last five years we’ve lost 60 per cent of our export trade. Briefly, it has come about in this way. The reaction to this country going off the gold standard, and being followed by other countries going off the gold standard, has been that there have been stringent restrictions upon the provision of foreign exchange by all the countries in the world for the purpose of paying for their imports. Correspondingly, there has been a strong effort on the part of these countries to provide themselves with goods which they formerly imported in order that the provision of payment in foreign exchange might be reduced. The result is that all goods which can be done without by these countries are either being excluded or having their import seriously curtailed.

BROWN: As far as the producer is concerned, it has proved disastrous to him. In pre-War days we got your people to export one million barrels of herrings from Scottish waters. Last year, 1933, you only exported a little under five hundred thousand barrels. This meant that the fishermen’s catch was reduced from the pre-War date by at least 50 per cent. It affects

the individual fisherman to this extent, that while before the War he could make a fairly good livelihood, the experience of last year was that his earnings did not average £1 per week. When you take into account that his fishing season only lasted 20 to 22 weeks, and that his total earnings were often not more than £22, out of which he had to keep himself and his family for twelve months, it will be realised how serious a position he was in during the past year.

HALL: And what are the prospects for your fishermen in the coming year?

BROWN: They depend largely on your exporters. Can you tell us what are the prospects of the Continental markets for the coming season? That’s what we are all anxious to know.

HALL: Frankly, they are not promising. Germany, upon which we have relied for nearly half our export during the past two years, has become financially embarrassed. Last year she allowed her herring merchants to purchase 45 per cent of what they imported in the year from July 1, 1930, to June 30, 1931. This meant that for every hundred pounds’ worth imported in that year, only forty-five pounds’ worth was allowed to be imported during the past year. For the current year, however, the percentage has been still further reduced to ten, which means that where in 1931 they spent a hundred pounds on the purchase of herrings, this year they can only spend ten pounds. But even this is only if the amount of foreign currency at Germany’s disposal is sufficient.

BROWN: But in view of the recent conference in London between German delegates and our own Treasury, isn’t there a good prospect of getting this restriction substantially removed?

HALL: At the present time the position is obscure, but the conference certainly has improved the relations between the two Governments and it is quite possible that this may result in a greater amount being made available for the purchase of herring.

BROWN: What's the position about Poland, Latvia, and those countries?

HALL: The position with regard to Poland is that there are no restrictions with regard to payment, but of course the fact that the people are meantime impoverished as the result of the general economic situation has reduced their purchasing power, until last year they only took from us two-fifths of their normal quantity of herrings. Meantime, there are discussions going on with the Poles which it is hoped may result in an increased quantity being exported this year. With regard to Latvia, Estonia and Finland, it is believed that there will be a moderate quantity exported to those countries this year.

BROWN: Can you give us an idea of what you would actually expect to export this year?

HALL: The total probable export to the ordinary European markets from Scotland should be about three hundred thousand barrels.

BROWN: That means a decrease of two hundred thousand barrels on last year's export!

HALL: Yes, but that doesn't include the Russian sale of seventy thousand barrels.

BROWN: No, but even with that, George, if that's your picture of the coming year's prospects, I can only say, heaven help the fisherman. Last year he only earned on an average £1 per week with a turnover by the exporters of five hundred thousand barrels; and according to your estimate exports this year will be down by more than a hundred thousand barrels even if we count on the sale to Russia. The fishermen's position then is absolutely hopeless, and I can see nothing but starvation staring them in the face. Meantime, they have no dole to rely on like other people that are unemployed, and their plight is, therefore, very desperate.

HALL: Seeing that nothing more can meantime be done to

Wick, Buckie, MacDuff, Peterhead, Fraserburgh, North Shields and other ports used by the herring fleets.

HALL: Man Adam! doesn't a herring fried in oatmeal or baked in the oven make tea a glorious meal!

BROWN: Aye, man, and a cheap one forbye. And there's another thing, you can never tire of them. I only hope that those listening tonight will make an immediate effort to assist the



Herring drifters steaming to market with their catch

British fishermen in their present straits by including in at least two meals per week herrings, either fresh or kippered: it would raise the price to the fisherman considerably and once more, I think, you would see fishermen with smiling faces. At present they are only receiving 15s. per cran, that is 15s. for fourteen hundred herrings.

HALL: And ye can't sell them all at that.

BROWN: I admit it. It's been quite heart breaking during the last fortnight to see the quantity that has had to be dumped into the sea.

HALL: And not only the dumping; what about the closing of the ports?

BROWN: Yes, Fraserburgh, Peterhead, Wick and Lerwick have all had to close on various occasions this season.

HALL: And by the way, when you mentioned 15s. per cran as the current price, you didn't make it clear that that is an uneconomic price which doesn't give the fishermen sufficient margin.

BROWN: It certainly does not. Last year the average price was 34s. per cran and, as I've already mentioned, the fishermen only got £1 per week in wages, so that if they are getting 15s. per cran now you can see that their position is ruinous.

HALL: That looks as though the fisherman's wages would be approximately half of last year.

BROWN: No, it's far worse than that, because it takes the steam drifter roughly £40 to £45 per week for running expenses before wages are earned. At 15s. per cran they don't make sufficient to cover the running expenses, so instead of having anything to divide as wages they are actually in debt at the present moment.

HALL: Well, Adam, in the face of what we've said tonight, can you believe that listeners will not respond to our perfectly frank appeal to them to *eat more herrings*?

BROWN: No I can't, but then I see the hardship all around me every day. There is no more deserving class than these fishermen and I do hope that we have between us made the listeners appreciate how very real that hardship is and that they can save the situation if they will make the herring part of their regular diet.



The catch

Illustrations: Copyright, Stockes and Goodchild

improve the position in the foreign markets, is there not a possibility of doing something to increase the outlet in the home markets?

BROWN: As you well know, it is up to the British housewife to assist the fisherman, and she can do so to a very great extent. There is nothing tastier and better to be had for a breakfast or a tea than a fresh herring or a kipper from herrings, which are being landed in the best of condition at the mainland ports of

Our Bill—I

Early Days in Bill's Village

By FREDERICK H. GRISEWOOD

I THINK I have always known Our Bill. At any rate, he is one of my earliest recollections—a vague figure seen through the nursery window at work in the garden. Bill's visits always heralded some form of excitement—a new tennis lawn, or a row of very special apple trees—for Bill was an expert, and unlike most experts Bill was a cheap luxury. He did all the work himself, or at the most with the help of a boy to fetch and carry.

But like all true artists Bill was temperamental. He would refuse to be tied down inexorably to a job—to the exasperation of his employers. He would begin something, get half way through, and then for days, sometimes even weeks, he would disappear. Frequent appeals to his wife would be unavailing. 'You might as well try an' catch a swaller', was her invariable retort. Eventually he would reappear quite unabashed and his infuriated employer would learn that he had been 'helping' another client in a remote part of the county. He was always a source of joy to us children, and we used to watch him at work with bated breath—coaxing a plant or a tree to grow where no plant or tree had ever grown before.

Towards the end of the War I found myself invalided from the army with the injunction to 'go and live in the country', and the warning that it would be at least five years before I was fit again. We, she and I (there was a young 'she' by that time) began an intensive search for a home. And then the stars moved out of their courses and everything happened at once. A job was offered, a house, or rather a cottage, over which we had both broken the tenth commandment, fell vacant—so within a week we found ourselves settled for better or for worse in Our Bill's village—the proud occupiers of a perfect fifteenth-century Cotswold cottage and an acre of garden. The cottage was all that we had dreamed, but the garden—'One year's weeds mean seven years' seeds' is a saying in our part of the world, and this garden had been derelict for nearly five years. Our spirits sank at the first close inspection. The grass on the lawns was knee deep—weeds were rampant everywhere. Even our youthful optimism failed us and we gazed at each other in despair. And then I thought of Our Bill. We routed him out—he was still doing odd jobs for everyone—and besought him on bended knee to come to our aid. Could he come at once? He scratched his head. Yes, he'd come! And we returned triumphant.

And then began for us some of the happiest days of our lives. We always worked together, Bill and I. To him the whole affair was just 'a tidyin' up', but nevertheless our kitchen garden was soon clear and planted—though we horrified the old man with our prodigality in the matter of seeds. 'An ounce'll be all as you'll want', he'd say, when we returned from the village shop with bulging pockets, 'I'll take the rest o' that tack back this evening an' get 'er to 'low me for 'im'. 'Er' being the very wonderful lady who dispensed everything and anything to the village in general. And an 'ounce' it was too, and we soon learnt wisdom.

All the time he would talk of the habits of birds and beasts—where the best trout lay in the brook (he was an ardent fisherman, though his methods would have shocked the purists) of strange and unaccountable happenings, for your true countryman believes implicitly in fairies. 'I were in Wolford wood some time back', he would begin, 'an' I see one of them little nuthatches tryin' to make its nest in a jack-daw's 'ole in one o' the trees. O' course it were far too big for 'im, an' e didn't quite know 'ow to set about it. I could reg'lar see 'im a thinkin', an' then 'e make up 'is mind an' off 'e flew. 'E come back again arter a bit with a lump o' clay in his beak. 'E plastered it round the edge of the 'ole an' went off to fetch some more an' then some more till 'e'd filled the 'ole up to the right size—or what 'e thought were the right size. But it weren't though', the old man chuckled, 'e'd made it too small, an' e could only get 'is little 'ead in. You never see a bird get so mad, 'e fair chattered wi' rage. An' I lay still an' watched 'im all the time though I very near bust out a'laughing, 'e were so comical. An' then 'e set back on his little legs an' let drive with 'is beak at that there clay, an' knocked great

lumps out of 'im till 'e'd got the 'ole the right size. 'E 'as a good look at it an' starts goin' in an' out, in an' out, till 'e'd got it to 'is likin'. An' when you got up to the tree you couldn't tell but what that 'ole 'adn't always been a nuthatch's 'ole, it were such a tidy bit o' work, and it were only by gettin' right up close, as you could see the marks of 'is beak where 'e'd done 'is plasterin'.'

It always amazes me when people tell me how stupid village people are. They say 'I find I can talk to Cockneys—they're so quick-witted and always have a ready answer. But when I try to talk to village people they either don't answer at all, or else mumble something that I can't understand'. What they say is perfectly true, but how little do they realise what a confession of 'outsideness' they are making. The Cockney has to be quick-witted: he meets all sorts and conditions of people—the kind of life he leads doesn't allow him to pick and choose at his leisure. But your countryman has all time at his disposal, and he can have more than a second look at a stranger before he makes up his mind about him. Country people are by nature suspicious of anything or anybody new. They have got to take stock of a newcomer. But once they have taken stock of him and approved of him, then their real nature shows itself. There is no royal road round this natural suspicion—their approval cannot be bought or forced, it has to take its own time. This is perfectly understood by those who know village people and their ways.

My own experience will prove what I mean. I was born two miles from Bill's village. As a boy I had known its inhabitants intimately—but I did not live there. Luckily for me I knew well enough that when I did come to live there, I should be regarded as a foreigner. I should have to begin all over again; to lie low and let them take stock of me from an entirely different point of view. It was useless to try to take advantage of my previous friendship. So I lay low, and for two years nothing happened. I made no overtures, nor did they. At the end of that time a small, rather self-conscious deputation called on me and asked me if I would care to play football for the village. One of their players had fallen out at the last minute. Of course I accepted, and said how sorry I was that they'd had difficulty in getting a side together—although I knew the story was not strictly true. The ice was broken and from that moment I began to be more and more absorbed into the real life, the Inner Circle of the village. My advice was asked on all sorts of matters; I found that the villagers would talk freely to and before me, and I realised that my period of probation was over. In this I was lucky—lucky in having the knowledge of their ways. Now look at the other side of the picture.

One of the bigger houses in the village had been taken by a Londoner. He knew little and cared less about village ways. He refused to listen to what I had to tell him, and proceeded to try to buy his way into the Inner Circle. The first Christmas that he spent in the village, he gave a Christmas Tree to all the children. Everything was as perfect as money could make it. But not one child came. He was infuriated, of course, and said that after that the village could go hang for all he cared. I was talking to Bill two days after this catastrophe when he passed us. Bill touched his cap to him as he went by, but when he was out of earshot he turned to me and said 'E thinks 'e be Lord O' the Manor, but 'e ain't though'.

What always remains most vividly in my mind when I look back on those years with Bill was his gentleness. Like all country people who live so close to nature, he was ruthless over some things, but I have seen him mend a bird's broken wing as skilfully and gently as the most practised doctor.

On weekdays Bill's costume never varied. A loose coat and a pair of corduroy trousers fastened below the knee with a strap. When he walked the hard material of his trouser knees rubbing together made a strange sort of sound, a cross between a creak and a whistle. It used to fascinate me as a child, and it was one of my dearest ambitions to wear such a pair of trousers. But, alas! like many another of my desires, such as becoming an engine-driver or a game-keeper, it has not yet been fulfilled.

All the children of the village adored him and used to plague

his life out with repeated requests for catapults—whistles made of cherry wood, whips and tops, and such like, but he never seemed to be put out in the very least. All the things he made for them really worked. Bill was like that in all he did. In the many years I knew him I never saw Bill do a bad job—every-thing he put his hand to was finished perfectly, and it worked.

The first connected story I ever heard him tell was to a group of children. We were coming back to our cottage one morning after a walk when we found him under the elms on the village green. Those two great elms that used to carry stocks between them, and upon whose gnarled trunks the village notices were affixed. It was November, and within a few days of the famous, or infamous, date. Already on the green stood a huge pile of hedge cuttings and brambles which had been steadily growing from day to day, ready to supply the bonfire without which the 5th would have been accounted as nothing. The children had come out of school, which was hard by, for their morning break, and had, as usual, made straight for the old man. And this was his story as far as I can remember.

GUY FOX

This 'ere be the story of the Gunpowder Plot. The chaps wot writes in history has got it all wrong, but this 'ere's the true story of 'im.

Well, a long time ago when Charles (I think it were Charles, if I remember rightly) were King, there was a lot of chaps as didn't like the laws what was passed by Parliament. They didn't set no store on 'em at all, so they gets together and they sez, 'Look 'ere, us can't abide these 'ere laws, what be us going to do about it?' Well,

they talks and talks and then one on 'em sez, I think his name were Catesby or something, he sez, 'I've got a plan. Us'll blow 'em up'. 'Blow 'em up', sez the others, 'ow be we a'goin' to do that?' 'I'll tell 'ee', sez Catesby. 'When Parliament be a settin' in the 'Ouse of Commons, us'll get a whole lot of barrels and fill 'em with gunpowder, and put 'em in the cellars underneath. Then when Parliament be all there up above, a'settin' like a lot of broody old 'ens, us'll touch off they barrels, and up she'll go'.

Then one of 'em sez, 'Who be we a'goin' to get to do it? Us can't do it ourselves'. 'I got it', sez another, 'you all knows Guy Fox, as lives in the next village, 'e's a proper dabster at fireworks and things, when 'e's not a'fishin'; us'll get 'im'.

So they all goes to look for Guy Fox, and finds him down at the Mill a'fishin' in the swilley 'ole. 'Look 'ere, Master Guy', they sez, 'us wants you to do sommut for us'. 'What's that then?' 'e sez. 'Don't you come a'trapsing about 'ere, you'll frighten all the fish else, and there's ever such a lumpin' old trout under they withies as I'm after and I've only got a couple of billy-eads and a tittlebat so far'. 'Us wants you to do sommut wi' gunpowder'. 'Ah! Now you're a'talkin'' sez Guy. 'I knows all about gunpowder'. So they tells him about their plan, and asks him if he'll do it. 'I don't mind if I do', sez Guy. 'I can't abide they Parliament chaps; ain't got no manner o' use for they'.

So they all goes into the 'Blue Boar' and 'as a pint. Catesby 's stood treat as 'e'd just drawn his wages, so 'e'd got plenty to pay with.

Well, they gets the barrels, and Guy 'e goes off to a shop where they sold fireworks and such, and tells the chap be'ind the counter as 'e wants ever such a lot of gunpowder, 'cos they was a'goin' to 'ave some celebrations on the village green.

Now I believe this chap were a bit suspicious, as 'e know'd Guy were a shady character, as used to go a'poachin' and ridin' his bicycle after dark without a light and such. An' 'e 'ad a grudge against him too, 'cos when ol' Guy were a'standin' at Umpire in the last cricket match, 'e give this chap out leg afore to a ball as 'it 'im in the chest. And I don't believe that what he sold to Guy were gunpowder at all.

Well, they gets all the gunpowder and the barrels, and takes 'em up to London in a waggin', and they puts all they barrels and tacks into a cellar under the House o' Commons, and lets it bide for a while, and waits till the time come for Parliament to assemble. But one day one of they 'spiritors meets a Parliament chap along the road and 'e stops an' 'as a chat with 'im. 'Ever done any flying?' 'e sez to the Parliament chap. 'Flying!' sez the chap. 'No, that I never, not in all my natural'. 'Well, you will', 'e sez, 'and before very long too', and 'e goes on 'is way a'chuckling to 'isself.

But the Parliament chap, 'e couldn't make out what 'e were a'talkin' about, so 'e tells the Prime Minister, and the Prime Minister 'e sez, 'I don't trust they folk, us 'ad better go an' see what they be up to'. So one night, just before Parliament

opens, they goes and listens down by the cellars, an' they 'ears a tippin' an' a knockin', an' then they sees old Guy come out all covered in mortar an' dust an' tacks. So they gets a whole lot of p'leemen and soldiers and puts 'em all round the cellars.

Well, the night come as Parliament were to assemble, an' Guy was a'settin' in the cellar wi' all they barrels a'waitin' for the signal to touch 'em off.

Catesby were outside, an' when Parliament was all got into their seats 'e give a whistle, an' old Guy 'e takes a torch an' 'e tries to light the gunpowder. But 'e couldn't, try as 'e would. An' just as 'e were a'tryin' for the tenth time, the door of the cellar opens an' in comes all they bobbies an' soldiers, and they sez, 'Ere! What be you a'doin' of 'ere?' 'What be I a'doin' of?' sez Guy. 'Ah! I be tryin' to blow up Parliament, but I cassent. This 'ere perishin' gunpowder ain't no good at all'. 'You can't do that, you know', they sez, 'you must come along o' we'.

So they takes him off to the lock-up, and they gives 'im ever such a doin', an' 'e tells 'em who all the others be, and they catches the lot on 'em, and that was the end of the Gunpowder Plot. But I don't think it were gunpowder at all as Guy bought.

In response to suggestions from several listeners the play on the Tolpuddle Martyrs, broadcast on April 19 under the title *The Dorsetshire Labourers*, by R. S. Lambert, has been adapted for stage production with an eye to its performance by groups of amateurs. The stage version, which departs as little as possible from the wireless text, is published by the Workers Educational Association (38a St. George's Road, S.W.1) as a sixpenny booklet. Directions are given for presentation of the various scenes of the drama, without involving elaborate set-up or many changes of scenery. This makes an interesting experiment in the use of wireless technique upon the stage, which may be recommended to amateur dramatic societies and groups who are on the look out for easily-managed novelties. The play also adds one more to the small repertoire of modern dramas dealing with subjects of special interest to working-class audiences.



The author's house in Bill's village

Photograph: Frank Packer

Photographic Competition

WE HAVE NOW TOUCHED modern photography's weak spot. After the large entry for the first section of our competition, we were surprised at the paucity and poor quality of the entries that came in for the second section: *Life and Developments in European Countries* (to illustrate social, economic and political questions during the last five years). Apparently photographers of today are so wrapped up in artistry that social problems have no interest for them; or else they are not quick enough 'on the spot' to record them. Yet we should have thought that, with all that is going on in our poor harassed world, it would have been possible for photographers to produce good pictorial work of such obvious subjects as housing conditions, spoliation of the countryside, youth movements, land settlement, aspects of unemployment, position of women, peril of the roads, etc. In fact, however, the entries that reached us were so far below the level of our expectation that we feel quite unable to award the whole prize of Ten Guineas to any one competitor. In order not to disappoint our readers, however, and to give them the opportunity of judging for themselves the standard of the best photographs which we received, we have divided the prize into three prizes of Three Guineas each, which we award to the following: W. Dowler, 'A Drug on the Market'; Frederick P. Peck, 'Construction Works, New Graving Dock, Southampton'; and C. N. McKerrow, 'Progress'.

Next Week's Subject

THE SUBJECT for the fourth week of our Photographic Competition is: ACTION: HUMAN OR OTHER. Photographs entered for



'A Drug on the Market', by W. Dowler

this subject should reach THE LISTENER office between July 23 and July 27 (inclusive), and the prize-winning photograph will be published in our issue of August 8. The rules of the competition are as follows:

1. The competition will be run from July 2 to August 31 inclusive.

2. A different subject is set for each week and entries should reach THE LISTENER office between the Monday and Friday of that week (inclusive). The prize-winning photograph in each subject group will be published on the Wednesday-week following the closing date for that group. Entries submitted at any time other than during the week for which they are intended will not be considered.

3. A prize of Ten Guineas is offered for the best photograph in each group. The Editor reserves the right to reproduce non-prize-winning photographs at the following rates:

Whole page	Two Guineas
Half-page	One-and-a-half Guineas
Minimum	One Guinea

The above sums, as also the prize money, will purchase the first British rights of reproduction in the photographs concerned.

4. Prints submitted must not be less than 6 ins. by 8 ins. and not more than 10 ins. by 12 ins. in size, and competitors are asked to send their prints unmounted.

5. Each photograph must be marked clearly on the back with the name and address of the sender, the title of the photograph and the group for which it is submitted.

6. No photograph may be entered for the competition which has previously been published elsewhere.

7. Photographic prints sent in will not be returned to the owners unless accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope of appropriate size.

8. The decision of the Editor is final, and no correspondence can be entered into with regard to his judgment.

9. Parcels or envelopes containing entries must be marked 'LISTENER Photographic Competition', and the Editor cannot accept responsibility for photographs lost in transit.

Publication Subjects for future weeks

Sending- of prize-
in winning
dates photograph

5. Night photo- July 30-
graphy .. Aug. 3 Aug. 15

6. Industry .. 6-10 .. 22

7. Abstract .. composition in which lighting and/or arrangement of objects is the main interest .. 13-17 .. 29

8. Scientific .. to include, as well as all ordinary scientific subjects, microphotography (photography of microscopic objects on a magnified scale) and X-ray photography .. 20-24 Sept. 5

9. Wireless .. to include photographs of any aspect of this subject .. 27-31 .. 12



'Progress', by C. N. McKerrow



'Construction Works, New Graving Dock, Southampton,' by Frederick P. Peck

Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns. Preference will be given to letters which do not employ a *nom-de-plume*

Scientists and Society

Your editorial article, 'Scientists as Guides', which appeared in THE LISTENER of July 4, cannot be allowed to pass without comment. Whilst your general agreement with the contention that scientists are unwilling to undertake responsibility for the direction and control of the new and often disturbing factors which they introduce into the social and economic life of the community is understandable, it is by no means wholly justifiable; and the further contention, which is of your own creation, that 'the patient labours of so many years of scientific work . . . have contributed, unwittingly but more than anything else, to the suffering and peril that abound in the world today' is nothing short of a gross exaggeration and a distortion of the truth.

The fact is that scientists have been, and still are, most anxious to encourage the use of the new forces and new powers which they place in the hands of society in such a manner that everyone shall benefit from such innovations. They would, indeed, rejoice to see an extension of the scientific method to thinking and dealing with sociological problems, particularly in regard to those problems for the introduction of which they themselves have been responsible. Those amongst them who have attempted to express opinions and offer advice in this sphere have, however, met not with encouragement but rather with rebuffs, hostile criticism and the attitude which says in effect: 'Mind your own business and don't come meddling where you're not wanted'.

Professor J. B. S. Haldane and Mr. Julian Huxley are two biologists who have given frequent and strong expression to their views on the beneficial results that might follow the application of biological principles to certain sociological problems; but their expressions of opinion in this field are, far from being welcomed, rather resented, disliked, and efforts made to discredit them by a certain section of society. Sir Frederick Gowland Hopkins has made plain to the world the essentials of good nutrition, has pointed out that the existence of widespread malnutrition must contribute in large measure to the physical and mental degeneracy of the community whose individuals are afflicted by it; but society—or, rather, those who are responsible for the nature and working of society—refuses to be impressed or moved to activity by his utterances. Is Sir Frederick, therefore, to be held to account for this deplorable lack of interest in the communal health and welfare?

The same sort of phenomenon may be observed in the field of economics, since you include economists amongst the scientists. There are first-class economists of the calibre of Mr. G. D. H. Cole and Professor Laski, whose expertise in their particular field of knowledge cannot be denied, but whose conclusions in regard to the sociological effects of the arbitrarily created and artificially sustained economic forces inherent in the capitalist basis of society are as bitterly resented and rejected as are their suggested remedies for overcoming the injustices, sufferings, cruelties and peril inherent in the present social order.

There is little doubt that, should scientists as a body attempt to make their weight felt in the ordered regulation of social and economic forces, including those of new and complex nature which they have themselves created, their activities in this direction would be bitterly resented and opposed and would meet with about as much encouragement as did the recent pronouncements of certain Bishops who realised that the ethics of the Christian religion—as apart from its theology—have a very definite sociological application, and who had the courage (or to some, the temerity) to apply them publicly in critical consideration of the dispensation of the national budget.

Birmingham

T. FRANCIS JARMAN

The Church and Society

I want to challenge the statement, made by Professor Levy in his conversation with Dr. Carpenter, that the Church has a bad record as regards its attitude to social evils. Professor Levy, being a scientist, should have more regard for facts than

he apparently has. He adds, rather lamely, to his charge: 'Take such things as the way Bishops have voted on social questions. . . . Surely no one in his senses would maintain that the Bishops—whoever they may have been—are the Church! Of course if Professor Levy means by the Church the Established Church, there might be something in his contention; but even so, surely no one is going to judge all the pious members of the Church of England by what their Bishops do or think!

But this is the point: Professor Levy ignores completely the fact that, right from the very beginning, the Christian Church (*i.e.* the company of those who love and serve Jesus Christ) has taught and striven for the uplifting of the human race. St. Paul's letter to Philemon attacked the slave problem more vigorously than any bitter polemic could have done. Telemachus stopped the hideous gladiatorial shows—and his action was only characteristic of the whole attitude of the early Christians to the detestable games. It was a Christian lady who set up the first charity hospital in Rome. And why does Professor Levy pass over the Evangelical Revival of the eighteenth century which, if the historians are to be believed, saved England from a ghastly revolution? I would even go so far as to maintain that most of the present-day interest in the conditions of the 'poor' finds its source in the Revival of John Wesley. Let it never be forgotten that George Loveless was a local preacher and Joseph Livesey a devout Christian, and the majority of those who are really doing things to help the 'underdog' today are Christians.

Some people seem to imagine that the Church should be continually organising campaigns against the various wrongs that trouble our modern world (and indeed she *does* organise not a few); but surely the Church's best work is done in changing the inherent selfishness of man into a passion for social service. When one learns to love God passionately, one begins to turn one's attention to the conditions of one's brothers.

Dahomey, French West Africa

JOHN T. WATSON

Poison Gas

The numerous and interesting points raised by your correspondents cover so wide a field that, to my regret, I can only touch upon one or two of them in reply. With a great many of Colonel Rendel's contentions I agree; in particular with his suggestion that the 'bomb- and gas-proof dug-out' method of protecting civilian areas is beset by so many dangers and difficulties as to make it a risky expedient. But the gas-proofing of ordinary houses remains for consideration as a practicable measure. In regard to the possibility of cleaning up mustard gas, granting it to be a slow, arduous and difficult business, I consider his views too pessimistic; but the matter cannot be usefully discussed save in quantitative terms. I must definitely part company with him in regard to Ludgate Circus! The points made by Mr. Arthur J. Fox call for careful consideration. Provided that instruction to the public is officially organised and so standardised and kept up to date, I agree that it is a matter for immediate action. Air-Commodore J. A. Chamier stresses a point frequently ignored, that the pressure to concentrate air attacks on purely military objectives will limit their diversion to terrorising operations; but it is necessary to remember that civilians in the neighbourhood of such attacks will require protection even though the raid is not specifically directed against them. Sir Max Pemberton is right in claiming that we must get rid of scientific warfare before it gets rid of us; but that applies to practically all modern weapons, not, as it is so frequently applied, to gas alone. Mr. E. A. Fancourt thinks it better to 'exaggerate than to understate'. But surely it is best to do neither. Granted that facts are elusive things, is it not for that very reason unwise to tamper with them, however worthy the object may be? Mr. E. R. Wood and 'Y.A.M.' appear to find my 'light-hearted remarks' and 'Olympian detachment' inappropriate. But I had a serious purpose. Many people have been seriously frightened by grotesque exaggerations. I think it desirable by every legitimate means to lighten the atmosphere and to endeavour to convince them that bad as the prospect of aerial warfare may be, it is not so black or so hopeless as they have been induced to imagine it.

There seems to be a widespread belief that aerial defence is useless; this is an erroneous interpretation of the admitted fact that air defence offers peculiar difficulties and that it cannot give an absolute guarantee of immunity against sporadic raids. To suggest that there is no advantage in being able to hamper, to lessen the efficiency of, and to inflict losses on, air-raiding forces, is to lack a sense of balance; the ability to hit back 'good and hard' if attacked is in itself a powerful deterrent.

Miss Collins and others appear to consider that I put forward air and anti-gas defence as the 'only' means of preventing the aerial use of gas. I neither used the word 'only' nor meant it. Throughout I was dealing with the restricted field of gas attack and defence. Certainly the maintenance of peace is the only wholly effective guarantee against the evils of modern war. But does that at the moment carry us very far? Is it really helpful to say we must avoid war 'at any price'? Circumstances may arise which offer us no choice but to fight. The point may be illustrated by the story of the old Quaker on a ship attacked by pirates. The captain, seeing that despite a desperate resistance he was about to be boarded, called on every able-bodied man to assist. But the Quaker explained that his principles forbade him to do so. The fight proved fierce and at first went against the ship's company. At last the old Quaker could hold back no longer. Seizing a mop as a weapon, he set to work so vigorously that the tide of battle turned. Yet he did not entirely forget his principles. As each pirate head appeared over the side and he met it with a thrust which caused the owner to somersault back into the sea below, he was heard by those near him to murmur in tones of perfect courtesy and goodwill: 'Friend, thee art not wanted here'. Despite Miss Gibbons' obviously genuine recoil against the use of any form of force, it is interesting to speculate whether the pirates would have fared any better at her hands if she had had to solve a similar problem.

London, N.W. 3

PAUL MURPHY

Your correspondent Mr. Fox will no doubt be glad to know that there are means available for instructing the public in the matter of poison gas. Courses of lectures have been and no doubt are being given by the Red Cross, who have also published a cheap manual on the subject.

Hastings

CICELY M. BOTLEY

Your correspondent, Frances M. Collins, who is anxious to have a statement of the possibility of internationalising civil aviation, would perhaps be interested in an article which appeared in the June issue of *The New University*, in which Maxwell Garnett deals with this matter, and discusses the establishment of an 'Air Board of Control' and explains how this might assist in securing protection from attacks from the air. *The New University* may be obtained from the offices of the National Union of Students, 3 Endsleigh Street, W.C. 1.

London, W.C. 1

F. LINCOLN RALPHS

Peace and Security

Several letters have appeared lately in your columns supporting the theory that peace and security can only be attained by the complete abolition of war. And the letter by Mr. E. R. Wood, in your issue of July 11, may be taken as an example. He suggests, as an alternative to Major Murphy's 'two lines of defence', 'a deliberate policy of avoiding war *at any price*', which he naively declares to be 'certain of success'. Presumably he means 'success' in avoiding war of any sort. Presumably, also, the words he underlines, '*at any price*', cover the extreme pacifists' contention that Great Britain should disarm unilaterally. If so, a little more knowledge of the present state of affairs would have told him that all nations do not want to avoid war, which destroys the premise to his argument. Moreover, he seems to forget that the evil instincts in human nature have not yet been eliminated, and that they often lead to predatory attacks on a defenceless individual or nation.

In short, the pacifists' policy, far from abolishing war, would actually provoke one by inviting attack, for whatever reason, on a country incapable of defending itself: a state of affairs to which Mr. Wood's words, 'the inevitability of future lunacy' might indeed be applied. We all want peace, but his method is assuredly not the most logical way to secure it.

Chalfont St. Giles

ALEXANDER GORDON
(Lieut.-General)

'This Freedom'

May I suggest to Sir Herbert Samuel, and the other eminent gentlemen who are to discuss this problem, that their efforts might be more useful if they could contrive to eliminate the

words 'freedom' and 'liberty' from their articles? What they really have to discuss is the functions of man as an individual, and as member of a society: how far, and in what particulars, society is justified in exercising compulsion upon the individual. This can be done without any reference to 'liberty', which is a word that has been, and still is, used to mean anything we want it to mean. Thus, trade unionists, having gained the 'liberty' to combine, regard that 'liberty' as including the power to forbid to others the 'liberty' not to combine. The word is, of course, indispensable to poets, politicians and journalists, and useful to statesmen, as all of them find great usefulness in a word which can be made to mean anything or nothing. But in economics we want to know what we are really talking about.

In any case, I must protest against the two words being regarded as synonymous, and used accordingly. Sir Herbert Samuel does this, and he could justify himself by references to a thousand authorities. Nevertheless, some of the greatest philosophers, and even poets, *have* discriminated between liberty and freedom, regarding one as of God and the other as of the Devil. You can confer liberty on any fool or rogue, but for a man to achieve freedom is a very different thing, as Christ, Epictetus, Shakespeare and Carlyle well knew.

E. BILTON

'What the Royal Academy Falls For'

I think this would have been a better title for Mr. Lamb's article. He certainly disarms criticism with his almost childlike interpretation of the aims and objects of the Royal Academy. 'Only work that is obviously incompetent or trivial is rejected, while anything is admitted . . . that shows a real effort and attains a fair standard of accomplishment'. That ruling is loose enough to explain this year's illustrated Year Book, which must have caused despair to any serious student of art. The worst of the work is by R.A.'s, and you cannot reject them even if they are 'obviously incompetent or trivial'. But in any case they would have got in under the 'real effort' clause—'wasted' might be a better word. What effort! It makes one sweat to look at it! It seems unfair to have rejected the work of an artist because he painted over photographic prints. It was a fairly accomplished effort—he nearly got away with it.

Poor Turner, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Constable and the others—the inheritors are carrying on as you wished it to be carried on. They are making a real effort to do the right thing. What do you think, I wonder?

As we have got the bare truth at last, isn't it time that some new standards of merit should be considered? It would be interesting to hear the views of some of those connected with our leading art galleries, such as the keeper of the Tate Gallery.

Ditchling, Sussex

GERARD T. MEYNELL

Treatment by Psychoanalysis

In the abbreviated version of a discussion between a Neurologist and a Medical Psychologist published in THE LISTENER of July 11, the theme 'Is there an "Unconscious Mind"' was naturally given considerable prominence. Unfortunately a part of the debate was crowded out which is of almost equal importance to many of your readers. The Neurologist in an earlier talk, published on July 4, had maintained not only that psychoanalysts were at loggerheads amongst themselves but that the treatment they practised was a haphazard affair, that it took an unconscionable time and that it was not available for people in poor circumstances. The substance of these criticisms was repeated during the debate, and, since they might unduly depress those of your readers who regard psycho-therapeutic science as their mainstay in times of trouble, I should be glad if you would allow me to recapitulate the corrections I made during the actual discussion.

As I then pointed out, the Neurologist was misinformed on every particular. The psychoanalytic group is not divided into three schools. On the contrary, some years ago a committee of the British Medical Association, investigating this very problem, recognised the consistency of psychoanalytic science by deciding that the term 'psychoanalysis' applied only to the teaching and methods advanced by Freud. Nevertheless it is not surprising that different schools of clinical psychology, starting from their own premises, should arrive on occasion at conclusions of their own. This is legitimate and desirable in a growing science, but again the fact is that all modern schools of clinical psychology are agreed on precisely those matters (e.g., the unconscious mind) concerning the existence of which the Neurologist is sceptical. Further, it is not the case that psycho-

analytic or other psycho-therapeutic methods are not available for poor people. Psychoanalytic and medico-psychological institutes and clinics exist in London for just this purpose. Finally, the criticism as to length of treatment required is completely beside the point. No one familiar with the duration of treatment in chronic organic disease will be much affected by such an argument.

MEDICAL PSYCHOLOGIST

School Dramatic Productions

In your most interesting paragraph on school dramatic productions there is a small point which I would, by your courtesy, correct, and an important one that I could willingly debate. First, St. Marylebone is not due now to tour abroad but has returned from Vienna and South Germany, this being its third Shakespearean tour. Second, I differ as to the principle of keeping the schoolboy cast free from adults or professionals. First, because I believe that most women's roles require women actors. The people who talk aesthetically of the boy-women of Shakespeare's theatre usually have never got down to the real problems of production. In all probability those circumstances were to Shakespeare not an advantage but a predicament. I would produce for a wager a girl Viola or Lady Macbeth whom no boy, impartially judged, would have an earthly chance of surpassing. Second, the admixture of a few expert people immediately brings in a higher endeavour and a more exacting standard of performance. The play's the thing. If the mixture destroyed the boys' sincerity, that would mean defeat; but, under strict control, it doesn't. The boys begin to understand devotion to the art, to the transmission of imagination through detail; whereas the constant sincerity of the boys soon impresses the adult or professional members, who then drop any inanity or preciosity (unless they are too far gone, in which case they should not be admitted).

You rightly lay stress on the quality of freshness and simplicity which one should expect from a cast of schoolboys; but that, with submission, is just what *The Times* praised in my mixed cast, with a special tribute to the professional actresses. I find that the mixture works sweetly and admirably both ways. It depends, of course, on the people, and it depends on the play. There you touch the heart of the matter: you indicate 'poetic drama which depends on the beauty of the spoken word' (is it a quibble to submit 'truth of the spoken word?'), and truly the bane of school performances is to be found not only in incompetent production but in selection of tawdry plays depending on mere situation or theatrical effect, without relation to any true passage of human life.

PHILIP WAYNE,
Headmaster, St. Marylebone Grammar School

Broadcasts to Schools

May I endorse the point of view expressed by Mr. K. C. Thomas in your issue of July 11 'that broadcast lessons should be supplementary and illustrative rather than an attempt to standardise the schemes of work contained in the school syllabus'. By reason of the barriers inevitably set between broadcasters and their listeners, the broadcast lesson can never take the place of the class-room lesson in which the teacher can maintain close contact, by means of oral work, with the pupils' minds, and in so doing clear up many difficulties at which the broadcaster can do no more than guess. For this reason alone it would be an undesirable step to attempt a standardisation of school syllabuses, based on the broadcast programme, since the very freshness of the broadcast which is just that little bit different from the accustomed approach to the subject, and which perhaps deals with material not entirely included in the regular work, stimulates a spirit of enquiry amongst the pupils and leads them to a wider and more personal interest. Added to which, in every subject there are fundamentals which all teachers are concerned to impart, and as long as the broadcasts are true to these, it is possible for every teacher to find a use for them, without undue standardisation of class-room work and syllabus.

Dunstable

A. C. WADSWORTH

Helping the Unemployed

In answer to Mr. Pringle's kind letter in THE LISTENER of July 11, I cannot agree that our legislature is 'trying very hard'

to remove social injustices which many believe to be more productive of evil results in those most oppressed by them than innate human perversity. Bad social conditions—conditions which only society as a whole can materially alter—endured from their babyhood upwards by millions are a determining factor in producing certain kinds of anti-social character and conduct. If the State were really intent on the maximum well-being of *all* its nationals, and less concerned to protect vested interests, we might, with modern resources and scientific inventions, soon come near to the millennium. But until a strong enlightened public opinion forces the Government to deal effectively with such problems as war, tariffs, trade, unemployment, housing and education, philanthropic efforts, whether organised or not, can do little more than constitute another form of social waste.

Medical Officers of Health have reported that, owing to high rents leaving less money for food, tenants in publicly subsidised houses suffer more from malnutrition than those residing in slums. In such circumstances the provision against taking lodgers is not an unmixed good. Housing of the Working Classes Acts have been on the Statute Book since 1890, but neither the State nor the Municipalities have applied them to meet the needs of the poorest sections of the community.

As regards birth-control, men and women should be taught that children should be born only to physically and mentally fit parents who desire them and see a reasonable prospect of rearing them well. It is not good for children, parents, or the world that a new generation should be born to the unfit, unwilling or poverty-stricken. The general adoption of these ideas would, I believe, move to action those who have the power to alter the basis of society.

London, N.W.11

A. V.

Future of Trade Unionism

In THE LISTENER of July 11, Mr. Citrine is quoted (page 61) as saying, 'They [*i.e.* some Trade Unionists] think that we are propping up the capitalist system'. The nearest approach to his refuting this that I can find in the article is the remark lower down: 'It doesn't matter what government is in power, the Trade Unions must pursue their work of looking after the interests of their members'. This seems incompatible with his expressed belief that strikes and lock-outs will become less frequent.

Capitalism is on a steep descent, and can only hope to stay its fall by either (i) a restoration of the free market, or (ii) intensification of the monopoly system. The first would mean a move in a direction opposed to all present tendencies and is therefore extremely improbable. However, assuming for the moment that it is a possibility, we must recognise that it implies a free labour market, with a curtailment of social services and lower wages. With regard to monopoly: the more complete monopoly becomes, the more the condition of the workers must tend towards serfdom. Without the machinery of competition and the open market, the question of who is to do the work, and under what conditions, must be decided by the owners of the means of production; *i.e.* by the monopolies. Thus there must be legal compulsion to work under arbitrarily chosen conditions, and as the law-makers draw their incomes from rights of ownership without distributing equally among all citizens either the obligation to work or the products, this amounts to a condition of servility or serfdom (*vide* Italy and Germany).

Is it likely that the workers will accept either of these conditions without a fight, *i.e.* without strikes, unless they are persuaded to by the Trade Union leaders holding out promises of fictitious benefits to come and intense nationalist (*i.e.* monopoly-capitalist) propaganda? In either case we must surely expect strikes to become more frequent.

Clearbrook

JOHN CASE

Welsh for Welshmen

In your issue of July 18 I read in the first part of 'Welsh Culture and Language' Mr. Stephen Williams' remark: '... futility of teaching subjects to students in a language which is foreign to them'. In a daily newspaper of the same date I read: 'There are medical lectures delivered in English at Vienna University by Austrian professors to classes in which there may be two or three Americans or Englishmen; the rest are all Austrians'.

So what?

Great Baddow

D. A. HART

Should Our Spelling be Simplified?

A Discussion between GEOFFREY FABER and Professor A. LLOYD JAMES

GEOFFREY FABER: All the world knows that you, Lloyd James, are an authority on the representation of speech-sounds by visual symbols—that is, spelling. My own qualifications for this debate are less impressive. I represent the ordinary, more or less educated, man, and I am a publisher. As the first, I don't want to change my habits and learn to spell all over again. And, as the second, I have a kind of vested interest in the existing way of spelling. These are quite good motives for resisting change. But motives aren't arguments, I know. Suppose you begin by giving me some idea of what simplified spelling really is, and let me put up my objections as we go along.

PROFESSOR A. LLOYD JAMES: All I want to do is to simplify things: I want to rid life of one of its complications.

We have in the last half-century or so, modernised every means of communication, except the printed word; we have modernised lighting, heating, education, art, architecture and all the rest of our environment, but the spelling of our language, designed in the seventeenth century, more or less, imposed upon the public by printers—and publishers, Faber—stands where it did. If you fellows had made a good job of it while you were at it, I shouldn't complain; but you didn't. You and the dictionary-makers, the schoolmasters and the amateur etymologists, made a *bad* job of it, and I think the time for overhauling it is overdue. Wyld says that 'the most unreliable of all guides to the pronunciation of an English word is its spelling'.

FABER: My head is bloody, but unbowed. Would you give me a few examples of what you mean?

LLOYD JAMES: Yes, nothing easier. Think of *rough*, *cough*, *plough*, *through*—four different pronunciations for the same combination of four letters! All I want to do is to bring in a system whereby when you have a sound *oo*, you spell it always in the same way, not as it tickled the fancy of some of your predecessors—*too*, *blue*, *to*, *two*, *move*, *wound*, *shoot*, *parachute*. Some ingenious fellow has calculated that if we used all the possible spellings for each of the sounds in the word *scissors*, the word might be spelled in 596,580 ways; and similarly the word *foolish* in 613,975 ways of which *pphoughtluiipsh* is one! *pph* (*sapphire*) + *ough* (*through*) + *tl* (*hustle*) + *ui* (*build*) and *psh* (*pshaw*). Here's another: *ghoti*. Now think of *gh* as in *laugh*, *o* as in *women* and *ti* as in *education*. Answer FISH!

FABER: What a lot of opportunities my wicked predecessors missed! One or two questions, just to clear the ground. I suppose this new system is designed to suit one particular form of pronunciation, isn't it?

LLOYD JAMES: In a way, yes. Every system has to be based on some form of pronunciation. (Our existing one is the evident exception.) But the system that has been worked out is fairly ingenious, and would suit London pronunciation as well as Lossiemouth pronunciation, American English as comfortably as Australian English. It is made possible by the fact that there is still a very great measure of similarity in the varieties of English spoken all over the world, despite the apparent differences of pronunciation.

FABER: But your system won't cover every variety of pronunciation, will it? What will novelists do, when they want to give their readers some idea of local dialect—like that of a Somerset yokel or a Bowery tough?

LLOYD JAMES: There *are* no yokels except in novels! But you have to have a special spelling for dialect anyhow; as a matter of fact, a really sound phonetic spelling would represent dialect better than the awful monstrosities used nowadays for that purpose.

FABER: True enough. The result might be rather confusing, but I suppose one would get used to it. Now, another question; we know how the pronunciation of a language tends to change as time goes on. When Shakespeare described the soldier 'seeking the bubble reputation' he must have pronounced it *reputati-on* or the line wouldn't have scanned. How would you deal with that sort of change?

LLOYD JAMES: Of course we can't play the Canute trick on speech. It *will* change, because sound is sound, because man's aural memory and his hearing are all human. Fixing a spelling will never stop the ever-changing process of speech, as witness

our present spelling. Now we write 1934 English in the 1700 spelling: and I want to bring the spelling up to date. Even if we succeed in this, all the evidence points to the fact that in a hundred years or so the spelling will be again out of date.

FABER: Then revision will evidently be necessary—unless the result of the new spelling, together with the standardisation of speech on the wireless, were to clamp speech down and inhibit natural change. But what authority would make the revision?

LLOYD JAMES: Reformed spelling and broadcasting will, I think, do something to check this constant change, but that is beside the point. As to who will make the necessary revision from time to time, I suggest a body like the French Academy—or rather an international body representing the various parts of the English speaking world.

FABER: I dislike all dictatorships—especially linguistic ones. Your 'academy' seems to me a danger-signal. But go on with your indictment.

LLOYD JAMES: Our present system is antiquated, inconsistent, unphonetic, difficult to acquire, an unnecessary burden to young and old alike. Language is a means to an end, and not an end in itself. The end is communication, and I hold very strongly the view that the simpler the means, the more rapid is the communication. Skeat used to say 'To spell words as they *used* to be pronounced is not etymological but antiquarian'.

FABER: That might convince me, if words were tools or weapons, and nothing more—though indeed I don't see how the spelling of a word can affect its meaning, that is, its use as a tool or weapon. But surely language has a more important function than mere communication. It is the medium of an art, namely literature. A poem, for example, isn't simply something to be spoken. It is something written and read and making its effect through the eye as much as through the ear. Antiquarianism apart, our orthodox English spelling seems to me to have—I won't say beauty, but character—the kind of character which art needs to build with. If I had to read (say) Keats' 'Ode to the Nightingale' to myself out of a simplified spelling book, I doubt if I could get any aesthetic pleasure from it.

LLOYD JAMES: And many agree with you. But the aesthetic pleasure you derive is due to old habit. Does it hurt you to read Milton in his own spelling, or Shakespeare in his? Their spelling was more phonetic than the one your predecessors foisted on us. A generation brought up on the new spelling will rejoice in it as much as you and I now do in the present one. I love old things as much as you do, but I do not expect the B.B.C. when asked to erect a building for the purposes of broadcasting to put up a replica of the Tower of London. I love the Yeomen of the Guard, but if they went on a modern war I should give them something more modern than a Tudor hat and a pike.

FABER: There's a lot of truth in what you say—but not, I think, the whole truth. Here's a bit of evidence which tells against you. I have an American friend who came to England when he was about 22. He told me recently that he infinitely prefers the English spelling of words like *centre*, *theatre*, *labour*, *honour*—on purely aesthetic grounds. Yet all his early associations, all his mental habits, grew up round the American, and not round the English, spelling.

LLOYD JAMES: Of course, the new spelling will look ugly to you and me; not so ugly to your son and mine; less ugly still to their children, and positively laden with aesthetic association to our great-grandchildren!

FABER: Well, what are the advantages for which we are to make this uncomfortable sacrifice?

LLOYD JAMES: First and foremost I should place the enormous saving in time in the early stages of learning to read and write. With a logical system, difficulties of spelling largely disappear, and reading is learned in a fraction of the time. Time spent in learning to read is largely wasted. It is the time spent in *reading* that counts. The hours wasted in the tedious business of learning to spell could be given over to something really useful.

FABER: Isn't it reasonable to say that spelling is a sort of bone, for the growing mind to flesh its teeth on? I am all for bones. I don't believe that our human intelligence ever grows, except by wrestling with difficulties. Our English spelling seems to me

a very good bone indeed—a perfect exercise in observing and remembering fine distinctions.

LLOYD JAMES: I think that is perfectly true. All I would say is that modern education has plenty of hard bones without adding to their number. People who use your line of argument usually go on to say that in learning to spell—i.e. to crush bones—character is made, intelligence developed, etc. I don't believe a word of it. In learning to spell, tempers are spoiled; and ability to spell is a sign of one thing and one thing only—it is a sign of ability to spell! Many fools have it and many great men lack it.

FABER: At least, that shows that great men have their limitations. We're at odds here. You want the framework of education designed so as to ease the strain on the average or under-average child; I want it designed so as to pull out the minds of those who have minds to be pulled out. Of course, I am all for universal education: but it does seem to me more important to make the most we can of our more intelligent children, than to lower the fences for the sake of the stupid ones.

LLOYD JAMES: You know what a complicated affair English pronunciation is. No man dares to pronounce aloud a word of three or more syllables unless or until he has heard somebody else pronounce it first. I sit on the Pronunciation Committee and I know. Take a word like *inveigle*. It may be—*invaygle*, *inveegle* or *inwygle*, because *ei*=*ay* in *eight*; or *ee* in *receive*; or *i* in *height*. If we fixed on one of these pronunciations and spelled accordingly, millions of Englishmen yet unborn would bless us. And think of the poor foreigner!

FABER: There's rather a good story about Professor Vietor—one of the pioneers in your own field of phonetics—which illustrates your point. When he first visited London he thought he knew English well, having learned it very thoroughly out of books. One of the first things he did was to order a bath in his bedroom. He was in the bath when a maid knocked at the door. With great presence of mind he called out: 'I'm occupied, I'm occupied'. At least that was what he meant to say. Unfortunately he had the wrong idea of how the word should be pronounced. The maid opened the door, and was startled to see the professor standing in a tin bath-tub, without any clothes on, shouting out: 'I'm a cupid, I'm a cupid'. It is said that Vietor's interest in phonetics dated from that moment. I make you a present of that story, Lloyd James.

LLOYD JAMES: If reformed spelling does nothing but stop foreigners behaving oddly in bathrooms it will have made one contribution to the amenities of life. But there is something more important. English is becoming the great international language of commerce. It is more widespread than any language has ever been. It is the national language of hundreds of millions. It is a compulsory language in the secondary schools of all the mainland of Europe, and in most of those countries in Asia that have well-organised systems of education. It is the *lingua franca* of the East. H. G. Wells sees in Ogden's Basic English a world language. Our grammar is simple. English has every mark of the world champion about it but its spelling, which is a handicap that no champion can overcome. Jacob Grimm, the philologist, thought that 'no other living language can compare with English'. Were it not for a whimsical and antiquated spelling the universality of this language would be still more evident. The Swedes, who must learn English to do business with us and U.S.A., set on foot a movement to teach English in their schools by means of a simplified spelling. I have been in schools in Sweden and seen it done, and the results are remarkable. From the international point of view our spelling is a tragedy.

FABER: That's a really big argument. You mean, I suppose, that English might become a secondary language, which everybody would naturally learn in addition to his own?

LLOYD JAMES: It is, I think, safe to say that there is no educated man in the world today of whom it can be said that he does not know one word of English.

FABER: And you want to make it so that he will know as many as possible—and know from their spelling how to pronounce them. I can't deny that it is a tremendously attractive idea. And yet it frightens me, because it sounds to me like the death-knell of our own living national language and literature. Oh yes, it's a perfectly real danger, though not an easy one to explain in a few words. One might take an illustration from the history of Latin. So long as Latin was the national language of Rome it produced great literature. After it became an imperial language the quality began to fall off. Instead of Cicero you had Quintilian; instead of Virgil, Statius; and so on. Finally it became a universal language, and you got nothing—or next to nothing—out of it in the way of literature. The case of English would be worse; because Latin continued to be a primary language, until the romance languages separated out from it, whereas English would only be a secondary language—except in the original English-

speaking countries. It would be just a bare means of communication—a language for business and diplomacy.

LLOYD JAMES: Which is what Latin was right through the Middle Ages—and still is in some quarters. Besides, there is a view that mediæval Latin literature was not so despicable as the classicists would have us believe.

FABER: But the great days of Latin as a literary language were over, just because its roots were everywhere instead of in Italy. I feel that, unless you kept real English, so to call it, quite separate from this imitation international English, using the reformed spelling for the latter, but retaining the orthodox spelling for the former, our own national language would inevitably be influenced for the worse by its international status. We should feel that it didn't belong to us, but to a cosmopolitan crowd. It would begin to lose its richness of idiom and vocabulary, and as a medium for national art it would wither and die.

LLOYD JAMES: You have suggested an aspect of the question that is very modern and very interesting. But America is producing great national literature in English; we have just unveiled in the Abbey a monument to an Australian poet. The International Institute of African Languages and Cultures has published a novel in English by an African. I must confess that the prospect of a great international language, simply written, drawing from countless national wells of idiom and vocabulary, and producing a rich literature, appeals to me enormously. My only regret is that I shall not be here to enjoy it. English always has behaved in this way, taking words and phrases from countless sources up and down the world—and it will go on doing this. That is its strength.

FABER: And, if you have your way, will prove its undoing. But let us get back to the practical aspect of your proposal. Clearly there will have to be a longish transitional period. That will add to your educational difficulties, because children will have to learn two forms of spelling, or they will be completely cut off from the great body of English literature. We publishers are going to have a very bad time. I can assure you that very few books indeed would stand the expense of being printed in two different editions.

LLOYD JAMES: There you are! It's the publisher who stands in the way of reform. But one day there will arise a publisher who will be filled with this reforming spirit. He, too, will decide what the public shall have, but in his case it will be reformed spelling, the spelling he was brought up on.

FABER: You attribute much more power to us publishers than we really possess. We don't impose standards on the public—the public imposes them on us, more's the pity. The public is an obstinate beast. Even if you convert the Government and the B.B.C. you won't find it as easy as you think to get your spelling adopted. This 24-hour clock business seems to have gone to your head. You can't make people change their habits by decree—at least not in this country. As a publisher I have good reason to know how conservative people are, and how lazy. The least difficulty in the way of reading puts them off. Can you imagine the ordinary novel-reader coping with a novel in simplified spelling? I can't. Then there are the people who genuinely prefer the present spelling—not out of conservatism or laziness, but for the kind of reasons I have tried to put. During the transitional period all these factors will keep the orthodox spelling going strong; all intelligent children will have to learn it; newspapers and books will continue to use it; and the net result will be that the transitional period will become permanent. The one thing that you will have succeeded in doing will have been to widen the gulf between the more highly educated and the less highly educated members of the community.

LLOYD JAMES: If ability to spell is to be the only dividing line between the educated and the less educated, then I shall be sorry for the future of our race. This spelling fetish is a national disgrace; it is one of those petty snobberies that we ought as a nation to be thoroughly ashamed of. Happy is the spelling that has no history, and happy is the nation that has no spelling problem. Let me end my remarks with a quotation from one of the greatest scholars of his day, William Dwight Whitney, the Sanskrit scholar: 'It is the generations of children to come who appeal to us to save them from the affliction which we have endured and forgotten'.

For further information on the subject, readers may be recommended to *Anglic*, by Professor R. E. Zachrisson, published by Heffer and Sons, Cambridge; to any of the publications of the Simplified Spelling Society, Station Road, Wallsend-upon-Tyne; and to the articles and comments on Spelling Reform by Sir George Hunter, a Swedish Industrialist, Dr. Godfrey Dewey, Mr. H. W. Fowler and others which appeared in THE LISTENER on August 26 and September 2, 1931.

Writers of America—I

The Book Market and the Reading Public

By F. V. MORLEY

The first of a series of articles intended to present a general picture of American Literature. They will deal, not with figures which have to us only an historical importance, but with books and writers which still have a significance today. Geoffrey West will write on the New England Background, and the Novel; Herbert Read on the Expatriates; Michael Roberts on Poetry; E. J. O'Brien on the Short Story; Allan Seager on the Humorous Writers; and Ford Madox Ford on the Literary Scene Today

EVERYBODY has some idea of the contrasts between England and America; not necessarily some idea of the truth, but some idea of his own. My own description—for what it is worth—would begin with the truism that England is small and old, and America is large and new. By itself that is not very surprising; but there is a sense which I would emphasise, in which America is becoming larger and newer every year. America used to be small and old. In Colonial times it was small by reason of sectional divisions, and old by reason of vested interests. The American Colonies were easily comprehensible to a European; the people were provincial Europeans. And sectional divisions and provincialisms, smallness and oldness, were preserved in the nineteenth century; but they are going out. The new thing which is growing newer is that America is a community.

As New as Russia

Many travellers will deceive you by reporting that New York is not America, that New England is a country by itself, that the South, the Middle West, South West, West and the Pacific Slope are so many different regions with different characters. And so they are—but the same things go in them. They consume standardised products of so many kinds that they are really beginning to look alike. Until this spring I had always been aware of differences in different cities; and there will always be differences, if you look for them. But what suddenly surprised me this year was the sameness in America. I am not pretending that everything is universally interchangeable; but it is astonishing how much is. What most impresses me about America now is that anything going on anywhere in the country is communicable everywhere in the country; that what anyone enjoys, anyone else has the right to enjoy; that what catches on in one place will catch on all over. Conversely, if you fail to get across in one place, there isn't much expectation of getting across anywhere. A multitude of exceptions does not disprove this observation. It has been obscured because it was prophesied before it was true; and so has been discredited. But it is becoming true. In this sense present-day America is new, fully as new as Russia; and also in this sense everything in America is large. Size is the absence of divisions. There are more differences to be seen in ten miles of English countryside than in a thousand miles of American scenery. There are a hundred times more differences and watertight compartments in English life than in American.

'Dead Writers are Dead'

In growing less like Europe, America grows away from its past; and what I am emphasising is the rapidity of the growth. Changes are slow in England: influences persist. In American literature you cannot group the works of a century together; there is no such convenient cohesion. What I have said above about the uniformity of present-day America was not in the least true of the America of Emerson's time; it was not yet true of the America of Hawthorne and Henry James. But there is a gulf between Emerson and present-day America which is deeper than the gulf between present-day England and Emerson's contemporary, Carlyle. I have the feeling that in America dead writers are dead. If that is an accurate impression it would be a mistake for English readers to expect their impressions from the old times of American literature to be accurate for the America of today.

Any discussion of literature in the two countries has to follow some knowledge of life in the two countries. You cannot wholly disentangle life from literature, or literature from life. There is a story from Washington of a country storekeeper who sat in the shade to watch a parade pass by. After the parade had passed, there came a straggler, pounding along in

the dust and heat. The storekeeper called to him to sit down and rest. The straggler shook his head and plodded on. 'Come on, sit down; what's your hurry?' persisted the storekeeper. The straggler, tired but not beaten, shook his head again. 'Can't stop', he called back. 'I'm the leader of that parade'. That is the way a writer leads his public, and the way literature leads life.

Babbitt Likes 'Quality' Products

What then is the present character of the American reading public? As regards energy, I have sometimes felt that the American public can be contrasted with the English in a simple diagram. The English public is represented by the solid line, which has a trough and a narrow peak. The American public is like a plateau in between.



The diagram is only another way of saying that America is a community and England a country of watertight divisions. Literary people in England have gravitated together. They form the peak in my diagram; they are 'up' to anything, but there are very few of them. The rest, when it comes to energy, or discrimination, or education, are nowhere—and proud of it.

The English counterpart to Babbitt doesn't touch books. The American Babbitt doesn't see any reason why he shouldn't have books as well as the next fellow—if they are 'quality' products. For a long time there has been a great emphasis on 'quality' in American merchandising; much more than in England. You can notice this in advertisements in general. When Babbitt visits England he is immensely impressed with the few really good advertisements—as he is impressed with the best shops. The general run of English advertisements, like the general run of English shop-windows, fill him with horror. He regards the general run of English products as cheap and nasty—as vulgar. What is put to him as the best, whether new or old, wins his envy. That is what he has been trained to look for at home: quality. To sweep the United States, a product (book or anything else) must not seem cheap and nasty. Nothing about it should seem poor. Babbitt wouldn't be seen going in or coming out of a cheap-looking bookshop. On the other hand the mere act of purchasing, in smart surroundings, a handsomely advertised book by a writer of universal reputation, can go a long way towards making that book readable.

The Scramble for Best-Sellers

There are three times as many people in America as in England, but in my opinion, in spite of racial differences, there are fewer kinds of people; at least, they want fewer kinds of things. There are fewer different books published in America; but the average sale is much larger. There are more than three times as many people who will buy books, if those books seem good-looking and up-to-date—if they seem so, not in London's climate, but in New York. Consequently there is an even greater scramble for best-sellers in America. It is partly a matter of luck as to which author comes out best in the scramble. It may be an Englishman or a German or an American; the American may be from any part of the country. I am not aware of any insuperable handicaps, or any certainties; but whatever really goes, goes big, compared with the

way things go in England. I have known English writers whose public here is merely a few readers to become overwhelmed at the eagerness of their American public. It doesn't always happen. I have also known English writers whose public here is large, but, so to speak, in the trough, to be furious because the American public high-hatted them. Nothing gravels some English writers so much as to be considered not good enough for America—but that possibility may be seen from my little diagram.

The scramble for best-sellers may be checked by two developments. One is the growth of lending libraries, which thrive on hard times; the other is the establishment of a net-

book agreement under the new N.R.A. codes. For many years there have been 'fixed prices' for books in England; but there has been price-cutting in New York. The system of fixed prices gives the publisher a chance to publish books which he feels to be good but which he knows cannot be best-sellers. But this effect of fixed prices has been offset by the increased cost of advertising. The purpose of advertising nowadays is not to sell books; it is to buy authors. In spite of the existence of lending libraries and the net-book agreement, nearly all London publishers are driven by the cost of competitive advertising into the scramble for best-sellers; and I doubt if the scramble in America will decrease.

Chinese Survey

China. By L. A. Lyall. Modern World Series. Benn. 21s.

MOST OF MR. LYALL's long working life has been spent in serving the great country which he here interprets. He joined the Customs service as far back as 1886 and his work for it not only took him into almost every part of China, but latterly, when he occupied key positions in Peking and Shanghai, gave him an intimate inside knowledge of Chinese politics and international relations at very crucial periods. In addition he is a sinologist of distinction and well acquainted with that classical background of Chinese life, without some knowledge of which no one can adequately view the problems of modern China in their right perspective. So his treatment is on the whole balanced and comprehensive, although certain aspects, e.g. Chinese art and the aesthetic aspects of Chinese civilisation generally, are practically omitted.

The book really falls into three parts: a description of certain fundamental features of Chinese civilisation, including religion, teaching and the traditional theory and practice of Government; an outline of Chinese history becoming more detailed in its later phases, especially as it concerns the modern contact with the West, and finally a full discussion of the modern situation in all its aspects, the Chinese Revolution and its results, international relations, the 'Unequal Treaties', extra-territoriality and the Shanghai Problem, the opium and drugs question, and the policy of the leading Foreign Powers towards China.

In the earlier sections Mr. Lyall confines himself to essentials and makes liberal but justifiable use of well-selected quotations to convey his picture—on the whole, a pleasing picture—of the historic civilisation. Of the land itself he says very little and here, in passing, it may be permissible to call attention to the excellent and much-needed geographical survey of China which has recently appeared by G. B. Cressey under the title of *China's Geographic Foundations* (McGraw Publishing Co., New York, 24s.).

The outline of Chinese history which follows is sketchy but, for the purposes of the general reader, adequate until the modern period is reached. From this point onwards Mr. Lyall is dealing with events and developments which he has had special opportunities for studying at first hand, and his opinions and comments in the later chapters deserve close attention. Indeed, one would feel happier about the future if English statesmen and all who are in any way concerned with the relations of this country to China would 'read, mark and inwardly digest' the second half of the book, from Chapter VII on. The outstanding features of Mr. Lyall's critical discussion of the portentous entry of China into the life of the modern world and of the evolution of the present highly critical situation in the Far East are its remarkable insight, candour and outspokenness. His sincerity and impartiality are such that the sharpest criticisms—and many of his criticisms are pungent to a degree—whether of the policy of the Great Powers or of the Kuo-min-tang, leave no sting. He writes as a man who from intimate knowledge and experience has a deep respect for the Chinese people, a firm belief in their capacity to extricate themselves from their present difficulties and a confidence not only in the greatness of their destiny but that this greatness will be for the benefit of humanity, if only, in the present period of transition, the policy of the Powers towards her is informed by sympathy, understanding and goodwill. Equally is he convinced that the policy of Great Britain, while frequently mistaken, has been fundamentally friendly, that there are strong natural affinities between our people and the Chinese and that both countries stand greatly to gain by the development of closer cultural relations.

Yet he regards the present situation as extremely critical. He maintains that there has been a deplorable lack of foresight and imagination in the handling of the Chinese situation and that the time is overripe for the formulation of a more definite policy. He believes that the Nanking Government, with all its defects, is 'the only possible centre round which the new China can take shape', and that for England 'after recognising the new government to have delayed for five years to transfer her Legation from Peking to Nanking is an inexplicable blunder'. The hope of the future, as he sees it, is 'hearty co-operation between Washington and London in their Far Eastern Policy, the only foundation on which permanent peace can be established in the Pacific'.

Inevitably in a book which deals so trenchantly and fearlessly with controversial political themes, the author's interpretation and views will not pass unchallenged, but the presentation as a whole is so convincing, honest and well-informed that no student of international affairs who realises the vital significance of the Far Eastern problem can afford to leave it unread. The absence of a bibliography is a defect and many of the references in the historical chapters need documentation.

PERCY M. ROXBURGH

The Two

Now smoky sky distils,
in the sharpened evening,
visions we have
of a millennium
while we talk
walking into the ambush of the night.

Speak of our ancestors
in this new quietus
closed about us,
in this diminishing
of the world
folding our thoughts to ourselves, our lives.

Call upon time to stop:
or reaching the summit
hill of the night
by stumbling pathway
and unusual gradient
call on love.

The far down slopes repeat
this yearly promise
of those our blood
who, loving, have pledged us
silencing ever
the grating wheel on wheel of earth and sky.

Hold out no hands to spring,
to the adolescent.
This is no carnival
that we tread,
no frolic of resurgent noisy blood.

There must be equal joy:
and such content as two,
as, hand in hand,
two on awakening from their love
behold the orderly daylight arched above.

JOHN PUDNEY

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Secrets of Nature. By Mary Field and Percy Smith
Faber. 12s. 6d.

THIS BOOK TELLS how the most famous series of 'interest' films yet produced in this country was made. According to the list of titles given in its appendix, the series of 'Secrets of Nature' was commenced twelve years ago, when the silent film still held the field; and since then some 150 films in all have been produced, about one-third of which (those from 1930 onwards) are sound-films. The series as a whole owes its unity to the enterprise and supervision of Mr. H. Bruce Woolfe, but the two authors of this book have for six or seven years played a leading part in the actual production of the films, Miss Field chiefly as editor, Mr. Smith as principal cameraman. The most difficult and highly specialised part of the work—that is, the microscopic cinematography—is the achievement of Mr. Smith, whose genius it would probably not be easy to duplicate anywhere else in the world. In this book Miss Field and he let us into the secrets of their long struggle with the practical difficulties of filming nature, both animal and vegetable. No one who has ever seen one of these films will have supposed that making them was an easy job. But some of us may not have appreciated the patience, adaptability, good temper, and ingenuity that are required when such objects as waterfleas have to be photographed, or equally when seeds have to be photographed in germination, and their life history telescoped into a few minutes of moving picture. In the early days a great deal of the apparatus for controlling the objects had to be improvised; and at every step obstacles which no one could foresee had to be overcome. In the chapter entitled 'Plant Photography' the authors explain how their 'plant machine' came to be constructed, so that a plant might be photographed continuously for a month or more without interruption, with allowances for changes of temperature, growth and other environmental modifications! Equally highly skilled was the work of planning and editing the films, and providing them with sound accompaniment or spoken commentary. Some extremely valuable lessons in film technique are given in the chapters which deal with these parts of the work. As the series multiplied, the producers measured with care the reaction of the public to the films. They found that the most popular subjects were those with which the audience had some initial familiarity, e.g., the life history of the scarlet runner was better appreciated than that of the dodder, though the latter was both more exciting and more novel. Perhaps the highest tribute to those who made these films is to be found in the fact that they forced their way into the programme of most picture houses in the teeth of scepticism and indifference from the cinema exhibitors as a whole. Classed as 'shorts', they never enjoyed any of the advantages(?) of poster and other forms of publicity which are supposed to be so indispensable to ordinary 'feature' fiction films. But the public, in spite of the shortsightedness of the trade, took to them, and they have gradually won a permanent place in the repertory of British picture houses, and have also exerted a pioneering influence in making teachers take serious account of the film as an educational medium. During 1933, owing to business changes, the original series of 'Secrets of Nature' was brought to a close by the migration of the group which had made them to another organisation; but the concluding passage of this book indicates that the work is being taken up again, under the new auspices, and with even greater success. It is impossible in a short notice to do justice to the interest of the details of the work which Miss Field and Mr. Smith describe. But it can safely be said that no teacher, and no member of the public who takes a serious interest in the film, can afford not to read this modest but illuminating account of a great achievement in popular education.

Two Young Men See the World. By Stanley Unwin
and Severn Storr. Allen and Unwin. 16s.

The two young men who are responsible for this book certainly lost no opportunity of seeing for themselves: as the 'old-timer' would put it, 'they were hogs for adventure'. They have no affectations of style but are content, happily, to write intimately and breezily, by turns, of everything that happened to them. The result is a pleasant feeling that one is sharing the adventures, not merely reading about them. First they wandered through South Africa (after a difficult ascent of Table Mountain, with its characteristic 'tablecloth' fully spread). Almost two

hundred pages show how well the Union and East Africa were travelled. Throughout this detailed record one is not allowed to lose sight of the difficulties and real hardship of life there, though due prominence is given to the humorous and joyous elements. Everything seems to have been thoroughly investigated—so far as time allowed—and archaeological exploration and descents into mines were rounded off with an interview with General Smuts. Next followed a chilly voyage across the open seas to Australia, with Antarctic winds blowing unhindered across the path of the steamer. South Australia, Victoria, Tasmania and New Zealand offered much to the travellers. They learned the mystic significance of the ejaculation 'That's right' in an Australian mouth, the exact antipodean position of the Garden of Eden, and how to hang on by one's chin when slipping while clambering over a glacier.

The Friendly Islands (Tonga) and Samoa lay in the path of Odyssey northward. The authors found here much satisfaction in the investigation of ancient customs underlying modern practices, even gaining an understanding of the Tongan land system and other political and social problems. They discovered for themselves that in the islands of the South Seas the difference between 'mine' and 'thine' is not sharply marked, and that although there is a thread of romantic *dolce far niente* running through all Pacific Islands life, serious and irritating things do arise with astonishing frequency. Niuafo, New Guinea and Fiji with odd methods of fishing and queer chatter, Yap in the Carolines, Manila in the Philippines, were visited briefly, and thence, cutting a lucky way between two typhoons, they came to Hong Kong. The tale of this picturesque island and its peak is here retold with all the enthusiasm of the new visitor. On then to Tsingtao and thence to Japan, where the usual amusing incidents occurred to beguile the way. This was the furthest point east and the travellers now turned towards home. Their journey hither had occupied 16 months, nearly all of it enjoyable. Evidence of this light-hearted enjoyment is found in the 133 photographs, most of which are so good that we mourn the loss of those ruined through a warped camera-back in the tropics.

Poems. By Thomas McGreevy. Heinemann. 3s. 6d.
Tristram. By Frank Kendon. Dent. 2s. 6d.

Mr. McGreevy would have his readers see Ireland plain. Or, to use the words of his own publisher, 'he is an Irish poet whose work is never provincial, but always in close touch with the European Catholic tradition'. He makes no kind of superficial appeal: we must dig for his meaning. Even his music consists, for the most part, of word-patterns which only the enthusiast will catch. He is, in fact, a 'difficult' poet. He sometimes supplies his readers with notes for the elucidation of his work, but it must be owned that these notes do not get us very far. Such a note as the following, for instance, will seem to most merely rather pedantic—or else naïve: '... It is scarcely necessary to give detailed references to the echoes from the Greek Anthology, Shakespeare, O'Rahilly, Flecker, Prophets and Evangelists, Catholic hymn writers, operatic and musical comedy librettists, nursery rhymers, etc.'. Reading poetry that is too consciously allusive is rather like talking to an over-educated man: one cannot help occasionally longing for some indication that life has not all been lived through books and in the brain. Not that Mr. McGreevy is just a gritty, cerebral poet: far from it. The emotions of his poetry may be subtle and elusive, but they are unmistakably authentic. It is in his determination to denigrate that Mr. McGreevy is inconsistent. In one poem we find him contrasting the noble burial in Spain of Hugh O'Donnell—

Princes came
Walking
Behind it
And all Valladolid knew
And out to Simancas all knew
Where they buried Red Hugh—

with the ignoble burial of more recent soldier-heroes at home; whilst in another poem we find him voicing his fear lest

... the gold years
Of Limerick life
Might be but consecrated
Lie,
Heroic lives
So often merely meant
The brave stupidity of soldiers,
The proud stupidity of soldiers' wives.

Which is surely having it both ways. It is, of course, refreshing to find an Irish poet who can stare up at the Alps and see just—

Alps, ice, stars and white starlight,
In a dry, high silence—

but if a poet chooses to throw overboard the mythology of earlier poets, he must at least set about creating his own.

Mr. Kendon, on the other hand, accepts the ancients perhaps too literally. He is so far from wishing to denigrate them that he is almost content with a restatement. He has taken the story of Tristram and the two Iseults and served it up again in ballad-form. Why, is not quite clear. True, he has achieved something of the ballad's simplicity, but even this simplicity is apt at times to be disarming—

All day they used their tongues as birds do,
Any small speech was wise and good;
They laughed at laughter, or for the sake
Of truth in silence silent stood.

And there is often a genuine charm in the lyrics with which the various sections of the narrative are strung together. 'Tristram' carries one buoyantly enough to the end of the story, but once the end is reached there is little inducement to return to look for deeper than charm. This is certainly not 'difficult', or even 'contemporary' poetry: all the same, it hardly deserves the assertion, to be found on the dust-cover, that 'this poem forgets the modern heresy that poetry should be unemotional and unintelligible. It revives the belief that a poet is dedicated, not desiccated'.

Adam's Ancestors. By L. S. B. Leakey

Methuen. 7s. 6d.

A book of this kind was needed, and no one could have written it better. Dr. Leakey's own approach to the subject was unusual, and his field-experience has been exceptional; indeed, his excavations of early sites in Kenya are among the most important contributions to the new outlook on human origins which he sets out to describe. The general and very real interest in the 'antiquity of Man' which has become apparent in recent years is nevertheless compatible with much loose thinking and inaccurate statement. It was therefore well worth while—as indeed it is in all scientific work—to start quite from the fundamentals, and rebuild the fabric of our knowledge piecemeal, as it has grown up from year to year; discarding what is obsolete, in statement and explanation, but explaining why this or that which occurs in the books is no longer necessary as proof, or even as illustration. This is what gives *Adam's Ancestors* a freshness and character of its own. Dr. Leakey is one of the few people who can make stone implements for himself, with the advantage over his numerous 'ancestors' that he has discovered why they must be so made, as well as how to do it. Intimate acquaintance with this experimental side of the business gives authority to the distinctions he can now draw between schools of workmanship, and to his recognition of those 'clashes of culture' even in the older Stone Ages, which are revealed by hybrid types of implements in areas where both the 'cultures' which clashed can be proved to have co-existed. His striking comparison of primitive Europe with modern tropical Africa, infested with pygmies, negroes, and Belgians, as well as with gorilla and chimpanzee, is an example of the reconstruction which has been going on in prehistoric studies during the last eight or ten years. And as Dr. Leakey frankly acknowledges, we are still only at the beginning of the task.

A word must be added to commend the excellent drawings of typical implements in each style or 'culture', and the full series of carefully photographed skulls.

Robert the Bruce. By Eric Linklater

Peter Davies. 5s.

Robert the Bruce is a most neglected hero. This must seem a flagrant paradox—to Scotsmen, for instance, recalling the ferocious glee with which they learned at school how the English knights tumbled into the pits at Bannockburn (Bannockburn, we realise, was another, a bigger, a better, Murrayfield—a Murrayfield where the pitch had been prepared for the just discomfiture of the visiting team); yes, and to Englishmen too, remembering the spider. But the spider has long since been abolished by the higher critics. And not so long ago Dr. Mackay Mackenzie abolished the pits too—at least to the extent of proving that the English knights never tumbled into them on that June morning long ago when Scotland and the art of war were re-born together on the low ground between the Bannock and the Forth. So what is left of poor Robert the Bruce? He has

never quite caught on as the Scottish patriotic hero. Wallace, with the luck of martyrdom to help him, collects the laurels. It is very hard. For, after all, it was Bruce who did the trick. No Bruce, no Scotland, no Linklater: Scotland owes him something—something better than bad statues. But the Scots are a moral people, and their delight in the thrashing which Bruce gave the English is mitigated by the disapproving suspicion that he was a slippery customer, a crafty, dissembling rogue. He displayed some of the Scottish virtues, but, alas! he also betrayed some of the Scottish trade secrets!

What does Mr. Linklater make of him? He makes, to begin with, a fine galloping narrative of him. It is crisply, picturesquely written. You must read it to the end, no matter how often you have read it before. He gives us a clear picture of Bruce as the great guerilla general he was, although he hardly does justice to the king's superb strategic genius. After all, Bannockburn, Bruce's one tactical masterpiece, is no more than an incident in the long war. It is in the strategy which conceived that war, which forced its form on the enemy, which made a strength out of a weakness, that you must look for the real greatness of the first captain of the Middle Ages. Following the austere moral line of many of his predecessors, Mr. Linklater looks somewhat sternly on Bruce as a self-seeker. There is much to support that view, but the difficulty is that Bruce so clearly possessed qualities, chivalrous and generous, that are not to be reconciled with it. And surely there is another and more pleasant explanation of his youthful chicanery. For one thing, a man must bide his time, for another, a young man must make up his mind.

And we may wonder if Mr. Linklater has not swallowed too uncritically Mr. Evan Barron's dogma of a Highland preponderance in the war.

Economic and Social Investigations in Manchester, 1833-1933. By T. S. Ashton. King. 5s.

The Manchester Statistical Society celebrates its centenary in this volume. Younger than the Manchester 'Lit. and Phil.' by half a century, the excellent Statistical Society was the offspring, as Mr. Ashton shows, of that union of scholarship and social idealism which had already given Manchester a Board of Health (in 1796), four weekly newspapers, a Mechanics' Institute and a Medical College. Contemporary accounts of the defects of urban civilisation under the conditions of rapid industrial transformation show that these social institutions were urgently needed. It is interesting to observe how large a proportion of the early, and how small of the recent, reports and papers presented to the Society were studies in social pathology. Mr. Ashton, who is a quite admirable guide, devotes a chapter to these early social surveys, and his summaries are so interesting that readers will wish for more than the plan of this short book made it possible to give. The Manchester Statistical Society would render a useful service to the students of the first phase of 'the industrial revolution' in England if they would reprint a selection of those of their papers which exist only in manuscript, in combination, perhaps, with a selection from the earlier papers of the Manchester 'Lit. and Phil.' For the social historian there are, as well, interesting accounts on labour conditions in early railway construction and on the struggle for educational and public health services. The historian of economic thought will note with appreciation the abstracts of the contributions of William Langton, T. H. Williams and John Mills as well as of Stanley Jevons. If the story of the Society's activities in recent years tends to the *staccato* manner, it yet suggests the substance of its deliberations and, with the list of papers in the appendix, indexes usefully the excellent material in the Society's transactions. This slim volume of under two hundred pages is distinctly valuable, and Mr. Ashton has done an excellent piece of work.

These Times. By J. A. Spender. Cassell. 5s.

Mr. Spender was the most distinguished London Liberal editor of the early part of this century. C. P. Scott of the *Manchester Guardian* was the most distinguished of all Liberal journalists, but Mr. Spender's leading articles in the evening *Westminster Gazette* had a quality of their own which endeared him to the intellectuals of all parties. They were so logical, so reasonable, so urbane. They never secured a large circulation (such quality never will), but everyone who mattered read the *Westminster* and held its editor in high respect.

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well-instructed, as averse to anything out of the ordinary as he is himself. Its tone is that of a wellbred and rather scholarly man of the world addressing an audience of the same kind. Only in one feature does it differ from those leaders in the old green *Westminster*. They were the work of a man contented and hopeful. All through this book runs a note of irritation, rather like that which one still notices sometimes in the voice of those who used to drive horses when the talk is of motor-cars.

Mr. Spender liked the old political ways. He dislikes the new ones. He writes about dictators as if they were some new kind of queer animal. He is annoyed about Planning; he doesn't think it ought to be tried until we know enough—as if humanity ever knew enough about anything before starting on it! He is irritated by the young and their grudge against his generation. His grievance is, of course, against both Fascism and Socialism, but it is the latter which he examines the more closely. Like most Liberals, he has failed to get down to its roots. He speaks for instance of 'what is called "the Capitalist System"', as a 'gradual development spread over centuries, even thousands of years'. Socialists would say they call by that name something which has developed during the past 150 years—the concentration in the hands of a few possessors of nearly all that is necessary to existence, including land and the means of mechanical production. Mr. Spender also complains with some petulance on page 70 of Socialist economists talking habitually and exasperatingly of the price mechanism, but on page 16 Mr. Spender has himself found this expression necessary!

However, to a sincere Liberal the world today must be a puzzling, disturbing place. Mr. Spender can easily be excused for showing his distaste for it. And his analysis is admirable. He helps us to understand our difficulties, though he can only suggest the old Liberal ways through them—without much hope that they will be tried.

A Backward Glance. By Edith Wharton

Appleton. 10s. 6d.

The countless readers who have been charmed by Mrs. Wharton's novels and other literary compositions will turn eagerly to this volume of reminiscences, and they will not be disappointed. She was born in New York seventy-two years ago and began her European travels at the age of four. Her description of the America of her youth is of singular interest; her forbears were, as she says, 'the heirs of an old tradition of European culture which the country has now totally rejected'. Again, 'no retail dealer, no matter how palatial his shop-front or how tempting his millions, was received in New York society until long after I was grown up'. She sums up by saying that 'the qualities justifying the existence of our old society were social amenity and financial incorruptibility; and we have travelled far enough from both to begin to estimate their value'. The development of her own career as a writer was slow: 'I used to say that I had been taught only two things in my childhood: the modern languages and good manners. Now that I have lived to see both these branches of culture dispensed with, I perceive that there are worse systems of education'. In her parents' circle authorship was regarded with horror and although the little girl was an omnivorous reader, it was not until many years after her marriage that she published a book. She became Mrs. Wharton in 1885 and it was not until twelve years later that there appeared her first volume, which took the form of a treatise on house decoration, written in collaboration with a young American architect. It is difficult to say which fact will appear more strange to the majority of Mrs. Wharton's admirers—that she should have been a pioneer of modern methods of house decoration or that she should still be drawing annual royalties from this earliest work of hers. Her first volume of short stories was published in 1899, but it is with the appearance of *The Valley of Decision* and *The House of Mirth*, respectively in 1902 and 1905, that the mature writer was born. Mrs. Wharton makes no attempt to deal with each and all of her books, but what she tells us is invariably of interest and sometimes even startlingly so, as when she relates how 'Professor Charles Eliot Norton, hearing that I was preparing another "society" novel, wrote in alarm imploring me to remember that "no great work of the imagination has ever been based on illicit passion"!'. The passages dealing with her friendship with Henry James are peculiarly attractive and abound with delightful stories illustrating the tastes and idiosyncrasies of that great man, including some, such as his love of poetry and of nonsense, with which he is not usually credited by the ordinary reader. The descriptions of pre-War society in Paris are most valuable, and it is thrilling

to learn of the existence of the manuscript of a dramatic version of 'Manon Lescaut', made by Mrs. Wharton for Miss Marie Tempest, though never seen on the stage.

Keats' Craftsmanship. By M. R. Ridley

Oxford University Press. 15s.

One of the nicest things about English literature is its gentility. It has been written almost entirely by amateurs, for amateurs. And even when, by its inclusion in University curricula, a certain professionalism crept into the critical side of literature, there was a sort of gentleman's agreement to remain gentlemen; even now it is not allowed to be very technical about literature, unless with the most ample excuse—it is like turning professional in lawn tennis. Fortunately Mr. Ridley has enough excuse. His book is about an irretrievably technical subject, and he has treated it in a perfectly straightforward manner. The result is one of the very few works in English interesting to the student of literature itself. For the great mass of English criticism can be of little interest to anyone who wants to study poetry: but only to someone who is interested in ideas about poetry. For example, Mr. Middleton Murry's *Keats and Shakespeare*, with which Mr. Ridley's book is likely to be compared, is a very good book in its way; but it moves always at a respectful distance from the poetry itself, and presents a series of ideas which are more significant of Mr. Murry's mind than of Keats'. Of course if you read Keats himself from this point of view, you find a great deal which supports Mr. Murry's ideas; but your understanding of Keats himself is likely to remain very much as it was.

Mr. Ridley has made the best of his material, treating it with the maximum of objectivity and the minimum of subjective interference. Perhaps the best thing in the book is the examination of the two 'Hyperions', which demonstrates most impressively the advances made by Keats in sincerity of feeling and so in honesty of workmanship. Among minor points, the most interesting is the discovery of a more extensive influence of Mrs. Radcliffe's novels; it is time for a reconsideration of the relation between Romanticism and the *Roman Noir*. Mr. Ridley has paid a great compliment to Keats in writing such a good book about him. We may doubt if it would be possible to write a book half as good about Shelley from the same point of view.

The Loch Ness Monster and Others. By R. T. Gould

Bles. 10s. 6d.

Commander Gould, who is already well known for his studies in these fields or waters, here triumphantly establishes the existence in Loch Ness of an extraordinary creature, and argues very forcibly that this creature is none other than our rare, but always welcome, friend, the sea-serpent. His book is a most careful piece of work, dealing item by item with the evidence of all the successive eye-witnesses, who used to draw at the author's invitation what they claimed to have seen, and whose sketches are reproduced. An important section of the book then deals with all the attempted explanations, in particular with the attempt to identify the monster with a seal or a school of porpoises or even with otters swimming in procession. Commander Gould does not hide his disdain for the scientific, in the professional sense of the word, scepticism which prefers to believe that here is a problem, in Sir Arthur Keith's words, 'for the psychologist', rather than to accept the appearance of something new and hitherto unclassified. One interesting part of his book makes it in a sense a sequel to his earlier work on the sea-serpent, for he prints further stories by eye-witnesses in recent years of what they saw at sea. It has long been known among sailors that the fear of ridicule and of a lost reputation for sober reliability has often sealed the lips of sailors who have seen strange things at sea. The publicity which has attended the appearance in the Loch and the growing weight of solid testimony there, has now emboldened witnesses to come forward with descriptions of what they have seen themselves in other parts of the world. Commander Gould makes the suggestion that light airships, 'blimps', should be used for observation over the Loch, and that with their help good pictures could be obtained. He also draws attention to the lack of legal status enjoyed by the monster, which is only safe from attempts on its life through the good sense of everybody. If it were to be shot, he says, it would almost certainly sink in the deep waters of the Loch and be lost to science for ever. The work has many illustrations, including the fleeting photographs which appeared in the Press, and there is a plotted map showing the spots, mostly to the south of the Loch, in which the monster has been seen.